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Spooks for Bush
—see page 28

NATIONAL REVIEW

by Richard Brookhiser

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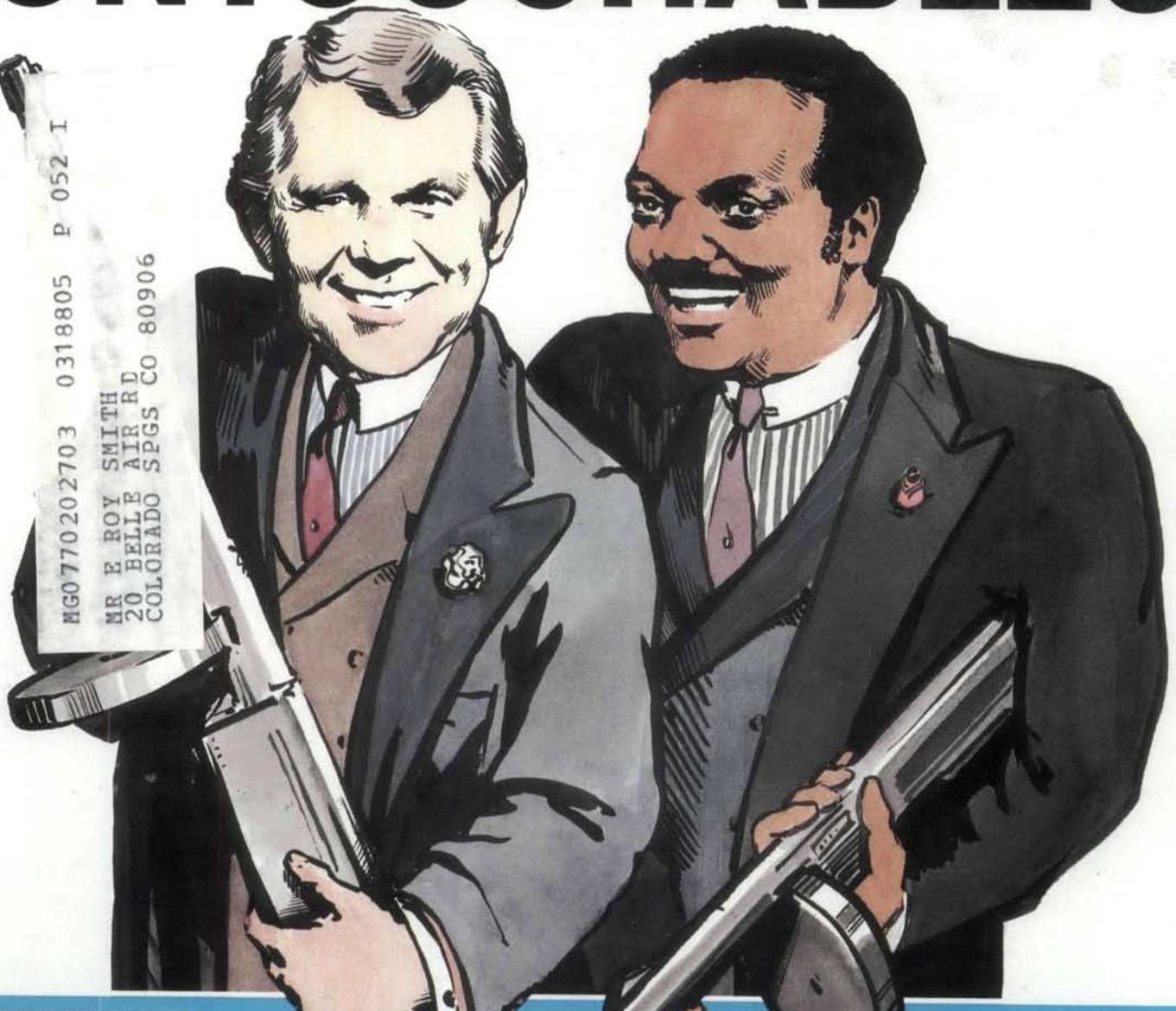

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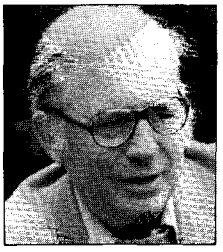
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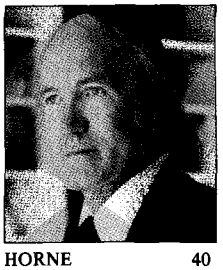
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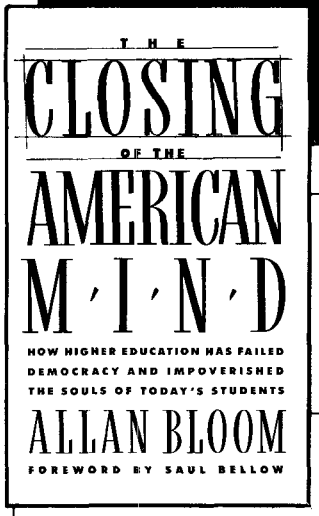

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LETTERS

The Puppet Show

"Too many Americans have failed to recognize the Sandinistas as Soviet puppets," John Silber correctly states in his Commentary ["How a Country Goes Communist to Stay," "The Week," Mar. 4]. All too many of those Americans are representatives in Congress. How can they continue to think that the Sandinistas are giving the slightest consideration to bringing freedom to Nicaragua?

The Soviet Union has been preaching for seventy years now that its ideology will soon rule the world. After the Sandinistas hijacked the anti-Somoza revolution in 1979, they were ushered into power on the shoulders of the poor and weak, who were fed promises of freedom and democracy. But, as Silber says, the Sandinistas have, ". . . through their oppression, called the Contras into being." The oppression began in 1979 and will continue, just as it has in Poland, in Hungary, in Cuba, in Russia, etc.

Anyone with a world view should realize, from the stated intentions of the Soviets and the rapid spread of Communism, that stopping Contra aid to give the Arias plan a chance is surrendering to the Communists.

Maria Sanchez
Washington, D.C.

Monkey Business

Does Professor Jaffa really see the Supreme Court's decision on Louisiana's "creation-science" law as "excluding from the curriculum . . . the most important elements of human history," i.e., those evolving from a belief in the Bible? ["The Supreme Court Monkeys Around," Feb. 5] Really? Perhaps Professor Jaffa has been away from high school so long that he has not heard of a fascinating development in education: subject areas. The Supreme Court decision does not take the Bible out of the school, it is merely taking Genesis out of the science class. Genesis, along with the entire Bible, is important in school and will be taught there: in literature, religion, and social science courses. *But*, until science presents credible reasons (credible by scientific standards, hence the importance of subject areas) for the idea of creationism (it is not a theory no matter how many times it is called such) that idea must not be forced into a course where it does not belong.

I am surprised to find Professor Jaffa falling back on hackneyed liberal propaganda—If they take away my "rights" here, they'll take them away everywhere—and confusing a part with the whole (by treating that "distinguished scientist's" comparison of orangutan swinging with human swinging as evidence for no missing link; he should watch the series again). Either Professor Jaffa attended a school devoid of varied courses, or he failed biology. While many subjects can cross over from one classroom to another, this intermixing must be carefully examined at the door of the science room. Appropriate subjects must be taught in the appropriate classes. That is what the 7 to 2 decision said, and, if our educational system had been a little better, perhaps the decision would have been 9 to 0.

To enlighten where Professor Jaffa's biology teacher failed, Richard Dawkins has written three wonderful books on evolution, *The Selfish Gene*, *The Extended Phenotype*, and *The Blind Watchmaker*. Wincing at his (mis)understanding of evolution, I implore him to read them.

John Crespi
Sacramento, Calif.

Mr. Jaffa Replies

Mr. Crespi and I need to come to a better understanding of what is meant by "creation," "creationism," and "credible by scientific standards." While I have no doubt that I would profit greatly from reading the books Mr. Crespi recommends, I know of no book on evolution—beginning with Darwin's *Origin of the Species*—that conceives of the process of evolution as having the theory of evolution as an end product—or, rather, *the* end product—of the evolutionary process.

The theory of evolution is only one of a class of propositions that embody speculations about the relationship of man and the universe. Whether or not the evolutionary scientist is better able to adapt to his environment or to prevail in the struggle for survival is—from the scientist's own point of view—utterly irrelevant to the truth of his theory. The "man" who seeks the truth about man is not the same as the "man" who ("red in tooth and claw") triumphs in the evolutionary process.

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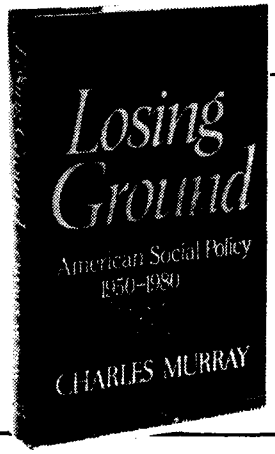

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Most significant is how the book has shifted the debate. The advocates of poverty programs who have defended them against budget cuts now find themselves arguing not how best to use federal dollars but if helping the poor is a proper function of government.

"Nothing more important than Charles Murray's work has come along in recent years," said Michael Horowitz, counsel to the Office of Management and Budget, "and his role as a morally credible spokesman for the conservative side of the debate has opened up the dialogue. Everybody who disagrees with him disagrees respectfully."

THE MEDIA DEBATE RAGES ON

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Notwithstanding the pretensions with which the claims of evolution are advanced, this self-contradiction remains at the heart of its teaching. Yet the stubborn fact remains that only "man" who seeks truth is recognizable as truly human. The adapted and adapting organism of the evolutionary process remains subhuman in its consciousness. The uncontradicted, uncorrected teaching of evolution is quite literally—and devastatingly—demoralizing.

Mr. Crespi suggests that I have been out of high school too long. Alas, that is true. But I have been teaching college freshmen since 1945, which is as good a way as any to keep in touch. I can assure him that when the Bible appears—if it does—in courses in "literature, religion, and social science," it is generally in the light of "the higher criticism" and of modern anthropology. That is to say, it is exhibited as a form of "poetry" or of pre-scientific or pre-evolutionary superstition. Whatever one might say about the teachings of the Bible, there is no self-contradiction at its core. In seeming merely to be "taking Genesis out of the science class" the Supreme Court has in fact been instrumental in keeping the idea of man out of human education.

Harry V. Jaffa
Claremont, Calif.

The Vietnam Conflict

In his review of Norman Hannah's *The Key to Failure: Laos and the Vietnam War* [Feb. 19], my old friend John Roche falls victim to the temptation of us aging characters to jam ideas into a particular familiar pocket of personal experience, rather than looking at them anew and in the round. In the process one is likely to sound less like Clausewitz than like Colonel Blimp.

His specific point of reference is a long memorandum I sent him for comment in late 1967. As he rightly notes, this memorandum was not by Norman Hannah but by some author I now forget—call him Y. But the real point is that Y's ideas, as I recall them vaguely but adequately, had little in common with Hannah's except that both involved operations that would have included Laos.

Thus, whereas Y was advocating a major land campaign in Laos against an enemy dug in there by 1967 (when nearly 500,000 Americans were all over South Vietnam operating in the mix Roche rightly describes as combat-deficient), Hannah first launched his ideas in 1964 and 1966, when it would have been possible to frame a wholly different strategy. In most undertakings, war included, it is a lot easier to do things right from the start than to regroup and change the mix for one strategy into the tools for another.

Second, Hannah's objective, as he makes abundantly clear, would have been not to force a battle, but to deter Hanoi by the creation and manning of a firm defensive line that would block the movement south of either supplies or the regular units that were of course, in the end, decisive. A full military outline of such a strategy, for those who follow the literature as Roche apparently has not, is contained in General Bruce Palmer Jr.'s *The 25-Year War*, on pages 182–86. Palmer estimates that it would indeed have taken several divisions, but a considerably smaller total force than was eventually deployed. But he believes the line could have been established and held (with considerably fewer casualties than were incurred), thus choking off North Vietnamese access to the South and leaving the conflict there to be decided between the government and a straitened Vietcong.

Sure, it would have been possible in theory for Hanoi to outflank the line via Thailand. But, as Palmer notes, such a maneuver would have entailed great logistical problems and thrown Hanoi's forces into open (and unpopulated) country, where their military skills were least and those of the U.S. greatest. The Mekong, if backed by formidable air and artillery, is no mean barrier for large slices of the year.

But most of all (to repeat political points Hannah discusses as Palmer does not), Hanoi's objective was not Thailand; doubling back over the Mekong, further down, to hit South Vietnam, would have been an even more daunting task. Moreover, an invasion of Thailand would not have been disguisable to the gullible as a purely "civil" war, but would have been squarely covered by the SEATO Treaty.

All in all, I don't think Hanoi would have bitten off such a tough and uncertain fight. The barrier would probably have deterred it and confined the war, rather than enlarging it.

In sum, Roche is far too glib in dismissing what has come to seem to me the only seriously promising alternative strategy to the one that was tried and that failed. Hannah does a remarkable job of explaining his ideas and how they failed to be heard in the centers of decision. I fear that the book will stand as a monument to the inertia of institutions and accepted assumptions—an inertia in which I shared to my regret.

William P. Bundy
Princeton, N.J.

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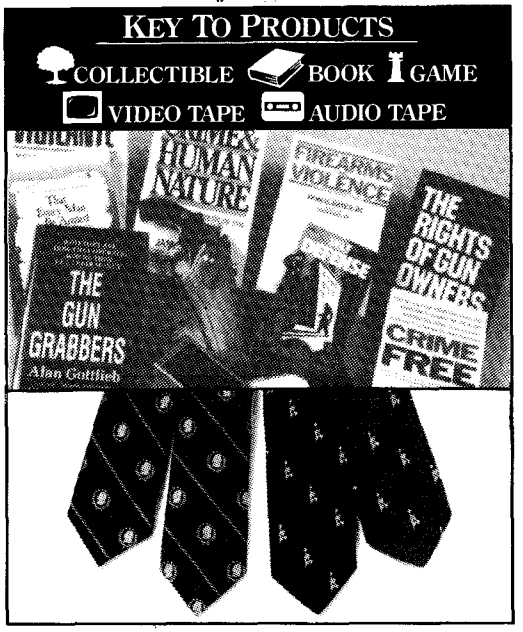

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FOR THE RECORD

Going into Super Tuesday, Republicans first. South Dakota boosted **Dole**, hurt **Bush**, boosted **Robertson**, hurt **Kemp**. Dole swept it (55 per cent) and Robertson finished second (20 per cent), one point ahead of Bush, Kemp trailed badly (5 per cent). . . . Dole scored victory same week when he won endorsement by South Carolina's most popular politico, Sen. **Strom Thurmond**. Thurmond thinks Dole will run better race than Bush (S.C. primary is March 5). . . . Still, latest polls show Bush leading handily in South; beating Dole 51-to-20 per cent. (Nationally, Bush's lead has been cut to 42-to-27 per cent.) . . . Wild card is Pat Robertson. At turn of year **Robert Strauss**, Mr. Democratic Politics, said Robertson's candidacy was possibly "the most critical development of the 1988 campaign. . . . The Robertson people don't play and then go home. They come for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and they live with you." . . . Robertson also has the bucks. He has already spent $3.1 million in 17 Southern states, to Bob Dole's $2 million. And he has the troops. In Louisiana and Oklahoma, the Robertson organization has gotten thousands of Democrats to switch registration to Republican. "We haven't seen switching like this since **George Wallace** came through here," says **Buck Falco**, vote registrar in Shreveport, La. . . . Another unknown: how big will the voter turnout be on March 8? Turnout in Southern primaries in 1980—last time there were contested primaries in both parties—was 20 per cent: 14 per cent in the Democratic primary; 6 per cent in the Republican. A small turnout this year, says Prof. **Merle Black** of the University of North Carolina, would help Bush and **Jesse Jackson**.

Super Tuesday, Democrats: **Gephardt** is riding high. He took **Mike Dukakis**, 44 to 30 per cent in South Dakota,

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* / Rothco

"Keep close to the wall, darlings . . . out of the way of falling stockbrokers."

and a late *USA Today* poll shows him in the lead in twenty Super Tuesday states: Gephardt 20 per cent, Jackson 15, Dukakis 12, **Gore** 11. Latest CBS/*New York Times* poll begs to disagree with that sounding. Its figures: Jackson 19, Gore 16, Dukakis 13, Gephardt 11. . . . Now that Gephardt is a man to beat, he's having to field embarrassing questions about his flip-flop record. When **Dan Rather** asked how come he had recently changed his positions on abortion, busing and taxes, Gephardt replied, airily, that on each occasion he had changed to be on the right side. . . . Gephardt's once healthy **National Security Council** rating, 90 per cent in 1981, has sunk to 10 per cent in 1987. . . . He's not alone in having ratings problems. Al Gore, who has been making a conservative pitch to Southern Democrats, got dismal 6 per cent in latest **American Conservative Union** (ACU) ratings. . . . Now that Michael Dukakis looks like a stayer, his zany foreign policy positions are coming under serious attack, from moderates and liberals. The *New Republic*'s **Charles Krauthammer** believes that Dukakis's notion that America's role in the world "is to eliminate its misery" is genuine because "an idea of such Olympian naïveté and irrelevance to the actual nature of foreign affairs . . . would not be ventured if it were not deeply felt." . . . *Washington Post*'s **David Broder** says that in foreign policy Dukakis "sometimes sounds as if the ghost of **Eleanor Roosevelt** controls his whole body."

Other political news: It's announcement time. In Pennsylvania, Republican Sen. **John Heinz** will run again, in Minnesota, Attorney General **Hubert Humphrey III** has announced for the Senate, and in Florida, Democratic Congressman **Dan Mica** plans to challenge former Gov. **Reubin Askew** for the seat Democratic Sen. **Lawton Chiles** is relinquishing. Rep. **Connie Mack** will be the GOP candidate. . . . In Connecticut, *Il Gracioso*, Republican Sen. **Lowell Weicker**, made known his availability for a fourth term by announcing his refusal "to adopt the national Republican agenda for the state of Connecticut." About the GOP presidential candidates, Weicker's comment: "They are all rock-ribbed conservatives" or "rock-ribbed nuts." . . . Weicker, incidentally, got highest rating of any Republican senator on **ADA** listings for the year: 85 per cent. . . . Four Democratic senators got perfect ADA 100s: **Barbara Mikulski** and **Paul Sarbanes** (Md.), **Don Riegle** (Mich.), and **Howard Metzenbaum** (Ohio). Five Republicans got zeros: **William Armstrong** and **Steve Symms** (Colo.), **David Karnes** (Neb.), **Jim McClure** (Ida.), and **Malcolm Wallop** (Wyo.). . . . A big giggle in ADA ratings was that **Paul Simon** got lowly 35 per cent and Richard Gephardt just 20 per cent. Explanation: They were campaigning so hard that Simon missed 15 of twenty key ADA Senate votes; Dick Gephardt missed twenty of 25 key House votes.

The theories on how and why **Marilyn Monroe** died are many but no one, until **Andrei Gromyko**, in his upcoming autobiography, ever suggested that she might have been punished for alleged Communist sympathies.

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THE WEEK

☐ Billie Boggs's hour has arrived. From bag woman on a grate to lecturer at the Harvard Law School. At this rate, she is the logical vice presidential nominee on the Democratic ticket.

☐ "We would like to put something together that would embrace the beliefs of a wide variety of people," said Jim Wright of House Democratic plans to offer a $25 million "humanitarian" aid package for the Contras. The wide variety Wright has in mind consists of 1) left-wing Democrats who hate the Contras; 2) out-to-lunch Democrats who don't hate them, but who hate to do anything to help them; and 3) Democratic leaders concerned to avoid responsibility for "losing" Nicaragua. The solution is a "humanitarian" package, which will enable the Democrats to say that they did something, without requiring them to do anything useful (the Contras are fighting a war; they need bullets, not band-aids). Oh yes, and they're fighting for freedom from Communism, a struggle groups Two and Three don't care about and group One clearly deplores.

☐ On one recent Sunday, congregations in thousands of churches around the country were given printed envelopes in which to put donations for Jesse Jackson's presidential campaign. *Newsweek* reports (approvingly) that the nation's black churches have become a major political force. They supplied Jackson with up to 60 per cent of his 1984 campaign funds, and played a crucial role in blocking the Bork nomination. "When Bork's liberal opponents saw that the nomination hinged on a handful of moderate Southern Democrats," says *Newsweek*, "they galvanized the network of black churches in the South. 'The word was passed, through the ministers to the black community, that Robert Bork must be defeated,' says the Reverend C. J. Malloy, general secretary of the Progressive Baptist Convention." For once Norman Lear wasn't shocked by the intrusion of religion into politics.

☐ How the pompous are fallen. Daniel Inouye, senator, constitutionalist, and moral philosopher, was caught with his hand in the cookie jar at the end of last year, shoveling $8 million to Ozar Hatorah, an organization that runs religious schools for the children of North African Jews who have moved to France. Inouye took back the giveaway when it turned out that one of Ozar Hatorah's board members was a campaign contributor. The *New York Times*, as a coda, interviewed some Frenchmen who had emigrated from Algeria after independence, and found that they were *bouleversé*. A Jewish businessman: "The amount of dollars they almost got appeared stupefying." We "are a success. We have integrated." A journalist: "When we heard this we said this must be a peculiar American crazy story." An official of the Representative Council of Jewish Institutions in France: "The whole episode should not have happened." *C'est évident, Sénateur*?

☐ What's gone wrong with the television evangelists? First, we had the Jim Bakker/Jessica Hahn show; now, Jimmy Swaggart. Too much money, too much ego. It is alleged that Swaggart was photographed entering and leaving a motel room in New Orleans with a "known prostitute." He said he did not engage in sexual intercourse, but did pay the woman "to perform pornographic acts." To quote Swaggart, ". . . this Gospel is flawless, even though it is ministered by flawed men." Amen. But the decency and Christian faith of the millions who heeded the words of such men is in no way impugned by their foolishness and recklessness.

☐ The talk of Latin America is a book, *The Other Path: The Informal Revolution*, by the Peruvian economist Hernando de Soto. The title is a take-off on the "Shining Path," the band of crazed Maoist guerrillas holed up in the Andes, who murder in the name of the Peruvian masses. De Soto is a revolutionary too, but his diagnosis and his prescriptions are far different. The economic system of Latin America, now as for the last four hundred years, is mercantilism. Every economic transaction must pass through a thicket of regulations. (De Soto found it takes nine months and a thousand dollars to register a small business in Lima.) The solution of the masses is to dive into the black (read: free) market, which alone makes life south of the Rio Grande livable. De Soto's solution: follow the lead of poor entrepreneurs, and give capitalism a chance. "The revolution analyzed" by de Soto, writes the Peruvian novelist Mario Vargas

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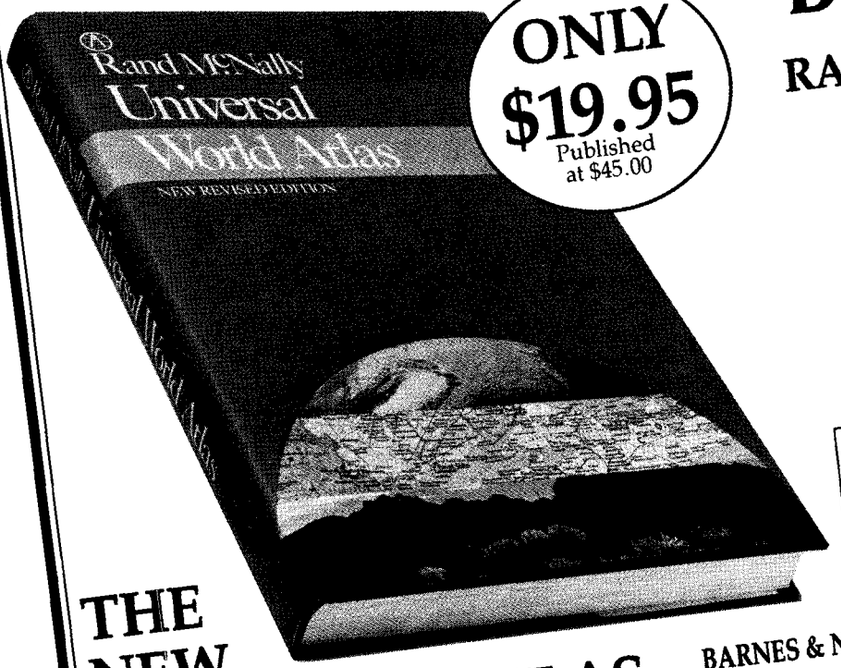

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FINALLY, the trade debate has gotten existential. Why, just the other day, a dozen members of Congress filed into a room, shut the door, and proceeded to spend the morning arguing over whether some trade policies could be "mandatory, but not compulsory." Thus was spent another session of the House-Senate conference charged with hammering together a massive trade bill by the end of March.

Politics may make odd bedfellows. The saga of the trade bill shows that politics makes even weirder rhetorical constructions. "Mandatory, but not compulsory" (MBNC) is fast becoming the mantra of the Washington trade debate, in the Administration as well as in Congress. Its repeated invocation is supposed to keep the protectionists a/k/a the fair-traders at bay, assuring them that the emerging trade bill is a get-tough piece of handiwork that will leave the President with little alternative but to crack down on those mercantilist foreign juggernauts. (That's the "mandatory" part.) It is also constructed to lull the free-traders into suspended animation, assuring them that the bill is a trade-loving document that a) permits the President great leeway to craft sensitive trade policy, and b) won't drag civilization as we know it back to the 1930s. (That's the "not compulsory" part.)

Above all, this bit of *zenspeak* is supposed to provide the political shelter underneath which President Reagan can cheerfully sign the very sort of trade bill he once swore to veto. One wouldn't think that the President would sign a trade bill to which he was philosophically opposed, especially with manufactured exports on the rise and the U.S. trade deficit on the decline. But the politics of trade in Washington has gotten goofy, now that the presidential campaign season is underway. Incredible as it may seem, the MBNC slogan may actually provide the excuse everyone has been looking for to ditch principles and come to terms on the trade bill.

Officials who worked for the President's U.S. trade representative once would have had fits at the mere mention of the Gephardt amendment (House) and its Senate cousin, Super 301. Both terms refer to congressional proposals that are supposed to help reduce the U.S. trade deficit. Both would force the President to adopt retaliatory policies against countries that routinely practiced "unfair" trade strategies. Both would set off a global trade war the like of which has not been seen in a half-century.

Now that the trade bill is but a few steps from reality, these same officials seem sedated. They nod and mutter vaguely that the proposals might rate the Reagan imprimatur, if only they could be fashioned so that they were "mandatory, but not compulsory." When asked how to accomplish such a feat, they smile opaquely. "We don't want to tip our hand," they'll say.

The lone holdout seems to be the trade rep himself, Clayton Yeutter. He still rails against any proposal that would limit presidential discretion on retaliation abroad and relief at home. Both the House and Senate proposals grant the President the authority to let offending nations off the hook, though they differ sharply over the circumstances under which the President would be allowed to retaliate. Mr. Yeutter tells Cato that's not good enough: "Why put it on the books if it's unsound law—even if the President of the United States can correct it to prevent unsound results?"

In two words, "presidential politics" —a force of nature next to which the ambassador's stated concerns may seem picayune indeed. Congressman Richard Gephardt of Missouri, author of the trade provision that bears his name, has catapulted himself to the front rank of contenders for the Democratic presidential nomination, in part because his xenophobic tough-trade pitch resonated with the voters in Iowa. That same message is catching fire in the South as well.

The closer Gephardt comes to capturing the presidential nomination, the more of a burden an unfinished trade bill will pose for all. If Gephardt is perceived to be within spitting distance of the Democratic presidential nomination, his Democratic colleagues will be hard-put to jettison his amendment.

Similarly, it will be doubly hard for President Reagan to sign into law legislation so closely identified with a potential challenger to the Republican hold on the Oval Office. Yet his veto of such a bill late in the presidential campaign season could hand Democrats a live political issue, particularly if the economy flattens.

So if the bill is going to be vetoed, it had better be completed soon. This time there are obvious incentives for Democrats and Republicans alike to get the bill behind them. "Mandatory, but not compulsory" may be the bromide that helps all sides do just that.

—CATO

Llosa, "is in no way utopian. It is under way, made a reality by an army of victims of the existing system who . . . have discovered the benefits of freedom."

☐ George Shultz arrived in Jerusalem last week in the hope of reviving "the Middle East peace process," which led Irving Kristol to remark that when he read the news he experienced a "powerful urge to race to the State Department, assemble its top policy makers, and demand that they recite after me: 'There is no Middle East peace process. There is no Middle East peace process.' " As so often, Mr. Kristol has got it just right. The new American initiative would bring into the act 1) the Soviet Union, whose most important Arab client state, Syria, is virulently anti-Israel, and 2) the United Nations, which has treated Israel as a pariah for a generation or more. Some peace process.

☐ Are you ready? That is, for the destruction of the world by nuclear war? Well, New Zealand is. After banning American nuclear-weapon-carrying ships from its waters, which action nullified the ANZUS Treaty, and receiving French funds over the bombing of the *Rainbow Warrior*, New Zealand has issued a report, "After Nuclear War," on how to survive after the rest of the world is destroyed. The report cites the major problems New Zealand will

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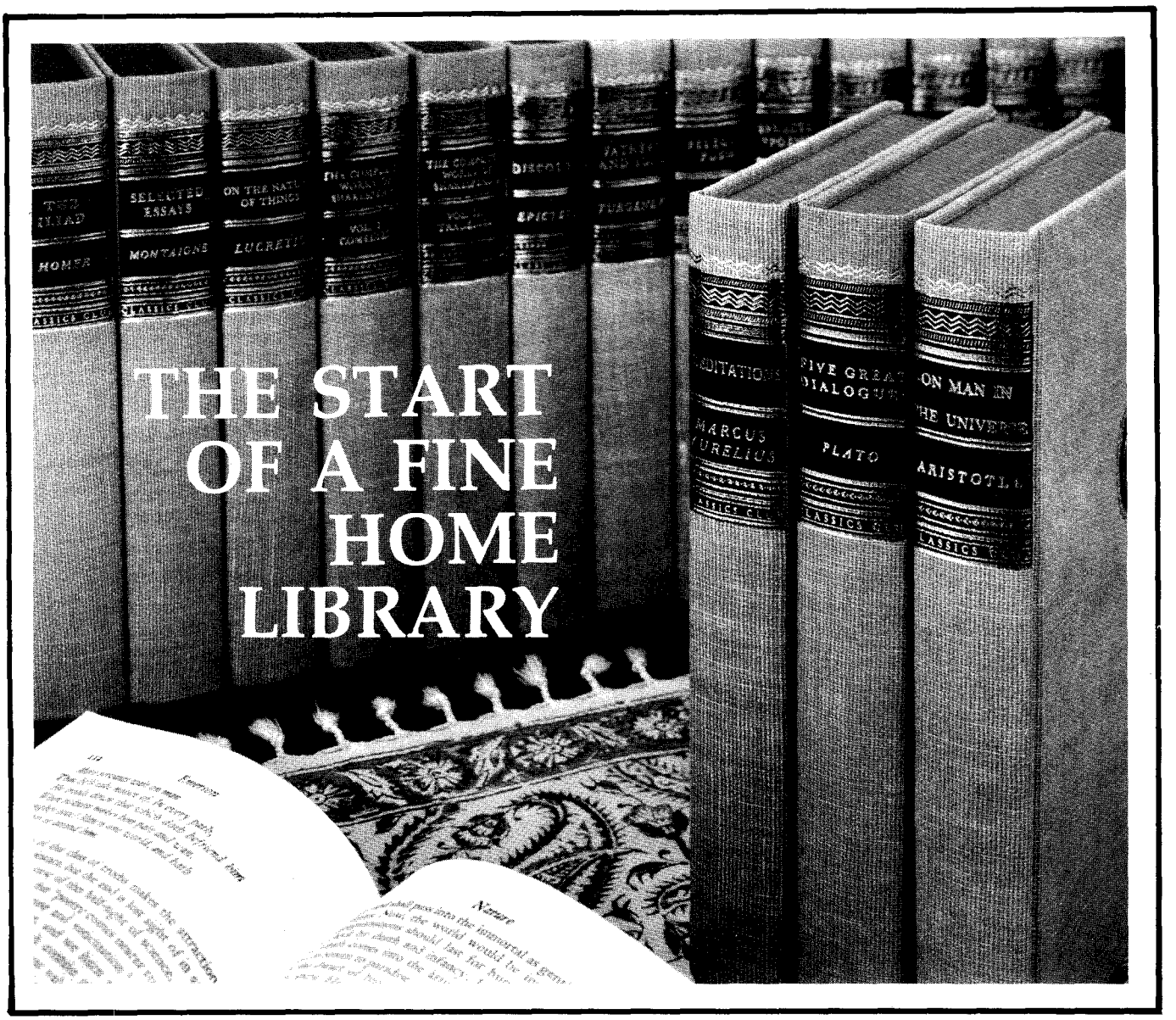

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face: unemployment, disruption of health services, lost communication, and social disorder. Survival groups preparing themselves emphasize "prevention and readiness."

☐ Good news from Texas. The Landrum Society, named after Lynn Landrum, who from the 1930s through the 1960s was a columnist for the *Dallas Morning News*, will meet in San Antonio on March 25 and 26 to hear Senator Phil Gramm, M. E. Bradford and others on the Texas conservative heritage. The goal is to make Texas conservatives more aware of each other, and more purposeful about their future course. For information contact Professor M. E. Bradford at the University of Dallas (1845 East Northgate Drive, Irving, Tex. 75062).

☐ The AIDS epidemic shows signs of becoming a war. Reports from Brazil, which may have the largest number of AIDS cases outside the U.S., indicate that some AIDS victims turn murderous out of rage and despair and actively desire to infect others with the disease. One clinician talked an AIDS patient out of trying to infect as many as fifty other people. A dying 29-year-old threw a cocaine party and passed around a syringe of the drug diluted with his own blood, exposing about twenty people. Both men and women with AIDS are reported to have resorted to prostitution in order to spread the disease. What to do? No one, understandably enough, is proposing the death penalty.

☐ Two teenage girls in Akron, Ohio, were tossed out of class for no better reason than that one uses glue to style her long hair in generally upward directions and the other uses sufficient makeup to make her identity a mystery. They are collecting signatures to petition the school administration to let them go on looking like freaks.

☐ Sonny, running for mayor in Palm Springs, has been endorsed by Cher.

☐ Gary Hart slogs on, changing slogans. Now it's not "Let the people decide," but "Let the Convention decide." Stassen reportedly will take him in the second slot.

I'll Remember Reagan

Not for the deficits, or arms
Slipped to Iran's gun-slingers,
But for the Reds who sound alarms
At Afghans toting Stingers.

W. H. VON DREELE

Is There a President There Somewhere?

THEN there was New Hampshire, two weeks old now by the calendar; several eons old by the political time clock. Then came the scattering of caucuses and primaries (chiefly, Minnesota, South Dakota, and South Carolina) between New Hampshire and the next big one, Super Tuesday.

The Democratic race has been calmer, largely because two of its leading candidates, Albert Gore and Jesse Jackson, are keeping their powder dry until the Southern primaries. It is one of the ironies of the system that Jackson, who got chicken feed in New Hampshire and who is an acknowledged ignoramus besides, should be thought of as a major player, while Paul Simon, who has written a dozen books, is on the ropes. But so it is. The candidates know the rules going in; they play by them, and they die by them.

On the Republican side, the sky has been bright with the glow of exploding candidacies. George Bush won the victory he needed in New Hampshire, by virtue of tough ads and a good organization (lent him by successful Governor John Sununu). The good organization, at least, should carry him through the South, and he can play up his New England roots in Massachusetts, which also votes on Super Tuesday. Dole's loss came as an unpleasant surprise, and he took it unpleasantly. The Dole campaign, which is disorganized and scatterbrained, will focus on a few prime Southern targets. If Bush and Dole differed significantly on any issues, or cared significantly about any issues, their duel might be more interesting. As it is, we can expect more weightless bickering by mirror-image moderates, neither of whom stands for or symbolizes anything.

Pete du Pont expounded his issues gracefully. That, and the plugging of the *Manchester Union Leader*, got him some recognition, but he pulled out, again gracefully, after New Hampshire.

Not soon enough, however, to help Jack Kemp. Kemp's narrow victory over du Pont and Robertson came late in the game. He pinned forlorn hopes on Minnesota, where he finished fourth, and on South Carolina. Kemp should, barring a major breakthrough, keep on until the Convention, even if only to hold out for the highest bid.

The other of the millstones between which Kemp has been ground is, of course, Pat Robertson. Elsewhere in this issue, Peter Berger and Richard Brookhiser discuss Robertson's strengths and weaknesses. These last deserve some elaboration.

Robertson's most serious drawback is his political inexperience. His excuses for it are glib and unconvincing. When asked to address the question in one of the Iowa debates, he said, "with all due respect,"

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that politicians had been the cause of most of our problems. Well, it is true that politicians have given us the INF treaty, no Contra aid, and the annual pork-fests of the budget. But it is also the case that a politician (Ronald Reagan) effected the rescue of Grenada; a politician (Reagan) proposed SDI; and two politicians (Kemp and Reagan) gave us tax-rate cuts and indexing. Robertson thinks politics is important enough that he's going for the White House; a little respect for his new profession would be in order.

Robertson's amateur status shows up in ways that are sometimes amusing, sometimes not. When pressed on the Soviet missiles he discerned in Cuba, he replied that of course he hadn't been there to see them, but neither had Reagan. Just so—nobody but Jesse Jackson goes to Cuba. That's why you have a CIA instead. When a Robertson flack distributed leaflets accusing Jack Kemp of being pro-pornography, of all things, Robertson said he hadn't approved it. No doubt he hadn't. The next step, as politicians know, is to sack the offenders. Robertson didn't.

Robertson's and, on the Democratic side, Richard Gephardt's success is supposed to represent a new atmosphere of American gloom. Robertson sees weakness in our morals, Gephardt sees it in the Hyundai. The intellectual form of the fashion is the vogue of Paul Kennedy's *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*, the book everyone talks about and no one has read. It expresses an intellectually flawed economic determinism, but catches the mood of the moment.

We reserve judgment. Some people—unproductive auto workers and over-subsidized farmers—are certainly gloomy. Intellectuals, gloomy by profession, have been especially gloomy because Ronald Reagan has been in the White House for seven and a half years. The political season will have to unwind further before we can say that America is ready for the politics of pain.

Pass the Alka-Seltzer

South Carolina, where the shots
Tied Lincoln's stomach up in knots,
Could, gastric-wise, be taking tolls
On Bush's tummy more than Dole's
If, with his Bible-thumping clout,
Pat Robertson should shut him out.

W. H. von Dreele

What Is The Pope Saying?

In the day or two following the release of Pope John Paul's encyclical (*Sollicitudo Rei Socialis*) the telephones rang across continents and oceans among the faithful. The consensus was that no dispositive words should be written on the encyclical until the whole of it (it is 102 pages long) were read. One scholar said that what one might with affectionate irony refer to as the "good parts" were not conspicuously mentioned in the leading news stories on the encyclical. Indeed (said this scholar), he predicted that the encyclical would in fact give him an easier time in coping polemically with the anti-capitalist nitpickers in the Christian communion. . . .

Well, all of this turns out to be true in the most formal sense. Consider. The Pope begins by saying that the key to human progress is "development." But he warns that development is more than merely a growth in the gross national product. It is a "moral" measurement which leads the community of nations toward "solidarity," which is the Christian desideratum.

The Pope writes, here and there, such as the following:

"The essential condition for global solidarity is autonomy and free self-determination." Well, if that is so, we're not going to have solidarity so long as the Soviet Union denies not only its own citizens, but others, autonomy. If there is one nation bound in shackles to servitude by the Western Alliance, which is that nation, that we should join together in setting it free?

The Pope writes: "Other nations need to reform certain unjust structures, and in particular their political institutions, in order to replace corrupt, dictatorial, and authoritarian forms of government by democratic and participatory ones. . . . For the 'health' of a political community . . . is the necessary condition and sure guarantee of the development 'of the whole individual and of all people.' None of what has been said can be achieved without the collaboration of all—especially the international community—in the framework of a solidarity which includes everyone, beginning with the most neglected." If that means anything at all in expository prose, it means that nothing the Pope desires to see happen can happen in the absence of a complete change in the nature of the Soviet world.

The Pope writes that "in this concern for the poor, one must not overlook that special form of poverty which consists in being deprived of fundamental human rights, in particular the right to religious freedom and also the right to freedom of economic initiative." Just so. And the hallmarks of Communist totalitarian states are 1) the repression of religious liberty, and 2) the repression of economic initiative.

He tells us that "a world which is divided into blocs, sustained by rigid ideologies, and in which instead of interdependence and solidarity different forms of imperialism hold sway, can only be a world subject to structures of sin." That is not a position anyone

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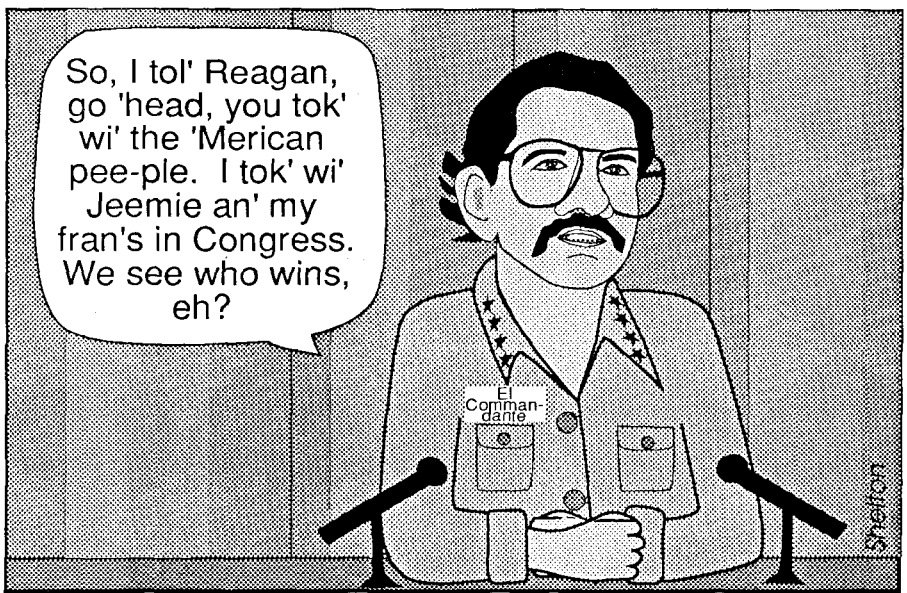
would wish to argue with, but how is this a statement about the world we live in? What are the common ideologies that bind Ronald Reagan, Neil Kinnock, Mother Teresa, and Sister Boom Boom?

The Pope then tells us, in a passage that would curl the hair of the late Pius XII, "[The problem] is first of all political, inasmuch as each bloc identifies itself with a system of organizing society and exercising power which presents itself as an alternative to the other. The political opposition, in turn, takes its origin from a deeper opposition which is ideological in nature. . . . Each of the two ideologies, on the basis of two very different visions of man and of his freedom and social role, has proposed and still promotes, on the economic level, antithetical forms of the organization of labor and of the structures of ownership, especially with regard to the so-called means of production. It was inevitable that by developing antagonistic systems and centers of power, each with its own forms of propaganda and indoctrination, the ideological opposition should evolve into a growing military opposition and give rise to two blocs of armed forces, each suspicious and fearful of the other's domination." This Tweedledum-Tweedledee view of the crystallized division between the visions of Marx, Lenin, Mao Tse-tung, and Pol Pot over against those of Locke, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Churchill makes Christian blood boil with the kind of indignation that fueled the spirit of the Christian martyrs who have died by the millions since 1917 imploring God to relieve mankind of the curse of what at the hands of the Pope in this encyclical becomes merely one of "two systems" grown "suspicious and fearful" of the other's domination.

Obviously, in the 102 pages one can find the ritual Christian affirmations. But they are swamped by a theological version of the kind of historical revisionism generally associated with modern nihilists. One prays that the Holy Father will move quickly to correct an encyclical heart-tearingly misbegotten.

(Universal Press Syndicate) WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.


So, I tol' Reagan, go 'head, you tok' wi' the 'Merican pee-ple. I tok' wi' Jeemie an' my fran's in Congress. We see who wins, eh?
El Comman-dante
Trotsky

Daniel Ortega "Faces Down the Nation."

Budget Baloney: No Slicing Permitted

THE FEDERAL budget for 1989 is really the last from the Reagan Administration, and also the first budget that is not being dismissed out of hand, brushed off with a few cute clichés. There is more spending for fashionable social programs in it, and less for defense, a change which is getting predictably good press. It's just the minor non-defense cutbacks that aren't going over so well.

What is so sacred about the programs the OMB (Office of Management and Budget) wants to scrap? The Economic Development Administration just collects taxes from Town A to help Town B take business and jobs away from Town A. Small Business Administration loans presume that small is *so* beautiful that taxpayers should subsidize loans that may make someone rich, and taxpayers should also absorb the uncollected losses if the enterprise doesn't work out. When the OMB merely suggests unloading ("privatizing") some shaky federal loans, critics are quick to describe this as selling off precious national assets—as though federal repossession of vacant houses in Houston is a sure way to balance the books.

After the media's ritualistic dismissal of the slightest trimming of private raids on the public purse, the next step is always to accuse the OMB of writing a "rosy scenario" and praise the Congressional Budget Office for its "realism" about how lousy the economy will be. CBO "realism" right now has economic growth dropping from 3.8 per cent last year to 1.8 per cent this year, and inflation rising to nearly 5 per cent. Yet marginal tax rates came down to 28 per cent this January, and (not by coincidence) stocks, bonds, and the dollar all improved. Government forecasters are never more accurate than investors. Stock prices would not have risen if economic growth really looked as anemic as the CBO expects, and long-term interest rates would not have fallen if inflation were going to be as high as the CBO expects.

If the CBO estimates turn out to be too gloomy, that alone would bring the 1989 deficit closer to $130 billion than to their estimate of $176 billion. But this assumes they have the 1988 figure right, be-

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cause each year affects the next. When 1987 tax receipts increased by $85 billion—much more than expected—the artistic explanations of why that mistake wouldn't happen again emphasized tax receipts from one-time capital gains in the 1986 stock market. But there were even larger sales of stock once again in 1987, and even at the brief depths of the October crash most stocks were *higher* than a year before. Unexpected capital-gains taxes should thus generate another *big* revenue windfall this April. There is also ample evidence that lower marginal tax rates reduce the allure of even *legal* tax avoidance, such as tax shelters, municipal bonds, company cars, stock options, and other forms of deferred compensation. At 28 per cent, many people will prefer to be paid in cash and to report that taxable income rather than engage in cumbersome bookkeeping to hide it. This will surely create another unexpected revenue windfall, but it is not likely to be noticed until April of 1989, because reduced avoidance and evasion mainly affects income not subject to withholding. Put it all together, and a 1989 budget deficit below $100 billion is certainly not out of the question. Unless, of course, new taxes and tariffs dump the economy over the cliff.

Back to the Future

THE *New York Times* reports that the Soviets will now be conducting experiments in space for an American company, Payload Systems, Inc., with the complete approval of the Departments of Commerce and Defense, since NASA can't do the job.

The claim is that the *Challenger* disaster has set us back; in fact, the problem is that America at the highest levels no longer cares much about space. Remember that *Challenger* was primarily a failure not of technology, but of management, who refused to admit that the shuttle shouldn't take off. That's bureaucratic risk-taking: Damn the scientists or you'll mess up the schedule.

Once, our failure would have been cause for outrage—a sign that the Soviets were winning the space race. But even after Sputnik, it took JFK to demand that we go to the moon, von Braun to get us there. Of course, that became our only goal in space—U.S. civilian space spending peaked in *1965*. After we'd reached the moon, we declared victory and retreated. NASA now says it would take us longer to return to the moon than it did to get there in the first place. Everyone else kept going. The Europeans are ahead of us, as are the Japanese. And the Soviets.

The Soviets learned one big lesson from the space race: if they made a big splash and crowed about it, America might wake up, catch up, and race ahead. So now they proceed quietly, patiently, as they do with things they really care about—principally their military, which includes their space program. Their space station, the first module (of many) already in place, is named *Mir*, which they say means "peace." It also means "walled fort."

Challenger was unfortunate, but it is inexcusable that it, together with a few launcher failures, should *completely* stop our space program for *two years*. Every major advance in technology, every large engineering project, has some cost in human lives. Test pilots die, as do pioneers. The survivors are supposed to make their sacrifices worthwhile.

So far no politician has sensed, as John Kennedy did, that there is a generation seeking new frontiers, new hope, the full expression of the American dream—a joyous expansion of a free people. The space program probably had the best payoffs of any government program ever—without it, for example, there would be no personal computers today. There is a generation out there that felt good about this country when we went to the moon, instinctively knowing that it was good. The final frontier offers more than military applications. Let's go.

California uber Alles

WITH STATE Assemblyman Tom Hayden at their head, the people of California are busy pushing the notion of government as Big Mother to its outer limits. The latest from the land of sprouts is Proposition 65, a public referendum sponsored by Hayden, approved last year, and scheduled to take effect February 27, which will require manufacturers and merchants doing business in the state to prove that their products pose no "significant risk" of causing cancer or birth defects—or else provide public warnings noting the risks their products do pose. In short, the law aims at turning American legal tradition on its head, holding producers and distributors guilty until proven innocent.

Supporters of Proposition 65 expect that the referendum will, like Proposition 13, inspire similar legislation across the country. One thing Hayden & Co. are certain to inspire is a tidal wave of litigation. The new law's "bounty hunter" provision offers irate citizens who take their cases to court 25 per cent of any fines a judge chooses to impose. Equally obnoxious will be the repetitive warnings from companies uncertain of whether they've met the law's exceedingly vague standards. Gas stations all over the state have posted signs warning that "chemicals known to the State of California to cause cancer, birth defects, and other reproductive harm" are in gasoline and its vapors. As we go to press, a waiter at Berkeley's Chez Panisse is probably warning a female patron that the glass of white wine she's just ordered contains ethyl alcohol, a toxin suspected of causing birth defects.

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WHO'S AFRAID OF UNCLE PAT?

Peter L. Berger

OF ALL THE presidential candidates of either party, Pat Robertson is the only one who looks like an uncle. His manner, at least as it appears on television, is relaxed, reasonable, hardly that of an aggressive dogmatist. His stated political views are barely to the right of what is generally deemed to be respectable conservative opinion. His much-vaunted lamentations about the decline of morality and the need for values are essentially those of William Bennett and Allan Bloom translated back into the King James Version. To be sure, his insistence that he is not an evangelist but a broadcaster is a bit disingenuous (Martin Luther was in business decorating church doors), but this, after all, is an American presidential campaign, and Robertson is not the first candidate to feel constrained to engage in a certain amount of biographical refurbishing. (See also "The Untouchables," page 36.) All in all, he would seem to be an implausible character to inspire fear. Yet fear he inspires, in at least two quarters. The reasons for this are interesting.

Liberals are afraid of him, although they console themselves (probably correctly) with the thought that, if nominated, he could not be elected. To them, Robertson represents that mysterious and ominous world of Protestant fundamentalism, which just might break out of its natural habitat in the hinterlands one day and bury Washington under tons of Gideon Bibles. They were afraid at first of Jimmy Carter too, until he was effectively defanged by the Left apparatus that controls the Democratic Party. Robertson, alas, is a Republican: in the (hopefully unlikely) event that he might occupy the Oval Office next year, who could be trusted to defang *him*? I can see all those paid-up members of our new knowledge class, from Berkeley to Harvard Yard, waking up from nightmares in which President Robertson has imposed martial law, made adultery a capital offense, forced them to say prayers before the Brie, and taken away their tenure.

The other group afraid of Robertson consists of old-line Republicans. They also think, of course, that he is unelectable and that, even if given no chance to be the nominee, he might force a platform upon the party that would make someone else unelectable. But there is something else, too. To old-line Republicans, Robertson represents that part of the so-called Reagan coalition with which they had been uneasy all along and which they only grudgingly went along with because it seemed to be part of a winning formula. To

Republican Governor George Deukmejian, leading representative of the Other California, has been working quietly to attune the law to reality. How could the voters have passed this abomination? Populists, call your office.

Teddy Beaten Again

NEW YORK'S *Post* is almost enough to redeem the good name of *Post*'s everywhere. Over the years since he bought it in 1977, Rupert Murdoch has rescued the *Post* from obscurity, with traditional, spirited tabloid headlines ("Headless Body Found in Topless Bar" is the classic), excellent political reporting in New York and Washington, and some of the best columnists in the business—the late Dick Young on sports, Max Newton on economics, Ray Kerrison on everything. Under Murdoch it returned to glory, maintaining far past the point of economic viability the wonderful old tradition of multiple editions, hard-hitting coverage, and prize-winning on-the-spot photography.

Murdoch did much the same thing with the *Boston Herald*, turning it into a profitable paper that people read and take seriously, a viable alternative to the *Boston Globe*, whose name is synonymous throughout New England with left-wing bias. (Especially notable are *Herald* columnists Howie Carr and Peter Lucas, and always, always Warren Brookes.) The *Herald* even took to reporting embarrassing things about the Kennedys—such as Teddy's drunken, rowdy, beached boat party, elsewhere covered up as usual. During the end-of-session budget crunch, Kennedy finally snuck through legislation forcing the sale of the *Herald* and the *Post*, or the television stations Murdoch owns in Boston and New York. Murdoch will retain the *Herald*, which will keep an even closer eye on Senator Kennedy, the would be paper-killer, but the *New York Post* has a new owner.

His name is Peter S. Kalikow, and he's a moderate-to-conservative realtor and philanthropist, who is com-

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describe this element as "populist" only touches upon its political aspect. Probably more important, there is the social aspect. For a long time the Republican Party was safely in the hands of the traditional upper-middle class, denizens of country clubs and board rooms, people who on the proper occasions might be seen in funny trousers and loafers without socks, but to whom the wearing of an aloha shirt had roughly the same moral status as allegiance to Bolshevism. And here are all these new people, *petit-bourgeois* and worse, with Southern accents, polyester suits and strange tales of being in personal communication with Jesus.

ROBERTSON is by no means the only current representative of what Richard John Neuhaus has aptly called the "bourgeois insurgency." But Robertson does represent the latter in a sharp, very profiled way. This is why his candidacy is important, whatever may be its eventual outcome at the Republican convention. It seems to me that the future of American politics depends on the success or failure of the realignment between class and party that brought about the two Reagan victories. It is a realignment that arrays those with a vested interest in production (the business community, the lower-middle class, and blue-collar workers) against those with a vested interest in redistribution (the knowledge class in alliance with organized beneficiaries of welfare-state social engineering). Contrary to the beliefs of Marxists and Wall Street bankers, politics is not only, or even primarily, a contest between rational class interests. People often act politically in highly irrational ways. On occasion rationality asserts itself, typically under the pressure of misfortune. The misfortune that might conceivably serve this year is economic, though that too might equally well unleash wild irrationalities (after all, Richard Gephardt is convincing many voters that our economic problems will be solved if we declare war on South Korea).

Pat Robertson is accused of holding superstitious beliefs. He evidently believes that prayer can cure illness and avert natural disasters. Jews and Christians have believed this ever since the Psalms were written. He also seems to believe that every word in the Bible was directly inspired by God, a proposition that I, for one, find very implausible. His detractors include those who believe that the Sandinistas are democratic reformers, that unilateral disarmament is the way to peace, that a six-month-old fetus is something like a wart, that babies benefit from being dumped into day-care centers, and that racial quotas are a means to eradicate racism. Between their superstitions and his, which are of greater harm to the nation?

I have no intention of voting for Pat Robertson. This is not because of his theological positions, but because I think that we need a President with much greater experience of the world, and probably one who is more crafty and more carnivorous. Nevertheless I consider his candidacy a good thing, because it further demonstrates that the forty million or so Americans who belong to the community of Evangelical Protestantism must and should be part of the political process by which the national agenda is shaped.

mitted to keeping the paper going—and keeping it conservative and lively. He will bring in as publisher Peter Price of *Avenue*, a glossy New York magazine, who is expected to cure the *Post*'s advertising woes—which have worsened since Senator Kennedy moved to muzzle his critics. Mr. Murdoch's man, Executive Editor Frank Devine, is to stay on at least one year. The *Post* lives, Kennedy loses—happy day.

A Cultural Conservative Manifesto

A NEW BOOK has been causing a considerable stir in conservative circles and in the press, *Cultural Conservatism: Toward a New National Agenda*, produced under the auspices of Paul Weyrich's Institute for Cultural Conservatism and written by William Lind and William Marshner (reviewed in *NR*, Feb. 19, 1988).

The book is intellectually and politically challenging, a welcome contribution to the discussion of the post-Reagan future of American conservatism. No attempt will be made here to summarize *Cultural Conservatism*, for the book fairly bristles with ideas within an overarching conceptual framework.

The book begins with the authors assuring us that the socialist/market-place argument is virtually over. Socialism is dead intellectually.

But they argue that our system, and the West, is in deep trouble because it lacks the traditional moral imperatives of self-restraint and delayed gratification, lacks the *cultural* content of conservatism without which all economic theory is vain. We have non-competitive shoddy workmanship, an underclass locked in dependency, and widespread cultural vulgarity.

What is striking in the authors' very specific proposals is their willingness to use the Federal Government as well as local government for cultural-conservative ends. They are forced to do this, as a kind

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of *pis aller*, because the institutions that should be transmitting the culture—the mainline churches and the universities—have almost entirely gone over to liberationism and are the enemy.

The authors argue that welfare, for example, should be contracted out to intermediate organizations like churches, those at least that promote traditional morality. They think colleges receiving federal aid should be required to have a serious civilizational core curriculum. And more, much more, along these lines.

Understandably, the book has gone against the grain of limited-government conservatives. Welfarist liberals are no friends of any churches, except maybe Bishop Moore's and Bishop Hunthausen's. And should the Feds get their hands on *any* college curriculum? Yet Secretary Bennett has written that "This is a book that deserves to be read widely, taken seriously, and thought through seriously." As usual, Mr. Bennett is right.

Culture Shock

In China, Marco Polo looked
Like something pale and under-cooked,
And doubtless Roman legions felt
Diverted by the native Celt,
So as Dukakis stumps the South,
Mark how they marvel, "Shut mah mouth!"

W. H. VON DREELE

RIGHT DATA

Regulation Redux

ECONOMIC AND social deregulation was a cornerstone of President Reagan's pledge to get the government off our collective backs. After a number of early successes, including the dismemberment of the Civil Aeronautics Board, deregulation of trucks, buses, and railroads, and cutbacks on expensive but ineffectual regulatory activity in the area of consumer and occupational safety, regulatory spending and staffing are again on the upswing.

Spending at the Federal Government's 52 major regulatory agencies will exceed $10 billion for the first time ever in 1988, a 31.2 per cent rise from 1984; during the first term, real regulatory spending fell 5 per cent. There are today more than 118,000 federal regulatory staff members, a group equal in number to the population of Peoria.

But budget outlays are only the beginning of the true economic burden of federal regulations. The Center for the Study of American Business estimates that each dollar Congress appropriates gives rise to an additional $20 of compliance costs borne by the private sector, either by requiring more costly ways of doing business, or in paperwork costs for filling out the torrent of regulatory forms and questionnaires. So we are talking about an aggregate economic burden of about $210 billion from federal regulations, nearly 5 per cent of GNP.

This might be acceptable if we could show a commensurate flow of benefits, but unfortunately the measurable benefits, if they can be found at all, fall far short of the costs. In attempting to restrict air pollution, for example, EPA now requires that costly scrubbers be used in new coal-burning electric plants regardless of the sulphur content of the coal used—a change which has produced more sulphur dioxide emissions than the previous, less costly (by $3.4 billion) alternative of mandating the use of low-sulphur coal as a means of controlling pollution.

Human lives are priceless, of course, and any regulation that saves even one is worth the cost, but the point here is that we can save more lives at less cost by spending a little more on enforcing those regulations that have lower costs per life saved, while eliminating those that are the least cost-effective. A recent study showed that the average cost per life saved varies across regulations, from as little as $100,000 for the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's steering-column protection rule, to $132 million for the FDA's ban on DES in cattle feed. EPA's proposed restrictions on the disposal of dioxins are estimated to cost $3.2 *billion* per life saved.

Individuals can mitigate or eliminate many of the most serious risks they face by exercising personal discretion. The fatality rate from smoking, for example, is 26 times greater than the probability of dying from a job-related accident and 462 times greater than the risk of dying from air pollution. A stiff increase in the federal tax on cigarettes would likely save more lives than all federal regulatory activities combined.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Admittedly, you are articulate and fluent to the point that any attempt at criticism has to descend to mere nit-picking.

Accordingly, in my opinion, you could be more precise in your positioning of limiting adverbs, e.g., "The government can *only* do something for the people, in proportion as it can do something to the people" ["State-loving in the GOP," Dec. 18, 1987] might have been better were you to have said: The

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government can do something for the people, *only* in proportion etc. . . . D'accord?

John A. Heinlein, M.D.
Great Neck, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Heinlein: You're right, but remember I was quoting Jefferson, though granted it was Jefferson who spoke of making a "more perfect" union. On the general point, see Richard Weaver's *The Ethics of Rhetoric* for the flexibility of adverb placement. Only John is sick. John only is sick. John is, only, sick. John is sick, only. All can be used accurately to communicate that only John is sick, but there are kind and less kind ways of treating the ear. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In a recent column, you remarked about the inability or unwillingness of economists to provide explanations for current economic events, including the stock-market plunge. This is not unusual; as Lester Thurow commented in a recent book, economists had no immediate explanation for the Great Depression.

If you turn to Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt, to the news pages of *Business Week* and the business pages of the *New York Times*, you can easily put the explanations together:

—There is vast overcapacity in the world in virtually all major industries from "rustbelt" to high tech.

—Given overcapacity, stock prices are misleading at best (the assumption that all existing assets are worth lots of money is false in conditions of overcapacity).

—Given overcapacity, there is no room for large-scale new investment in plants and equipment.

—Since there is lots of capital available, government spends less than it should (check Hoover and FDR again), and there is no other place for the money to go, so it goes to the stock market.

—Runaway inflation in stocks, however, cannot be sustained in times of overcapacity.

Since no school of economic thought acknowledges overcapacity, no school can explain severe economic slumps.

Frederick C. Thayer
Professor, Graduate School of
Public and International Affairs
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Professor Thayer: You belong in Delphos! Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Could you comment on the following? (from the *Washington Post*, "Marijuana in America" by Henry Allen, November 11, 1987). "Marijuana was so fashionable for a while that even conservative pillar William Buckley would sail offshore to smoke it in international waters and then flaunt it in a newspaper column. . . ."

Henry Ax
Waterbury, Conn.

Dear Mr. Ax: Mr. Allen has it a little wrong. In the first place, though it's true I tried the weed in international water, it isn't true that this was a habitual tryst in international waters for the purpose of smoking. The difference between "would sail offshore" and "once sailed offshore" brings to mind that difference between the right word and almost the right word defined by Mark Twain as distinguishing lightning and lightning bug. And I never "flaunted" having smoked pot; I answered the question (it was on Johnny Carson's show, asked of me—in dubious taste—by the late David Susskind) had I ever smoked pot. Cordially, WFB

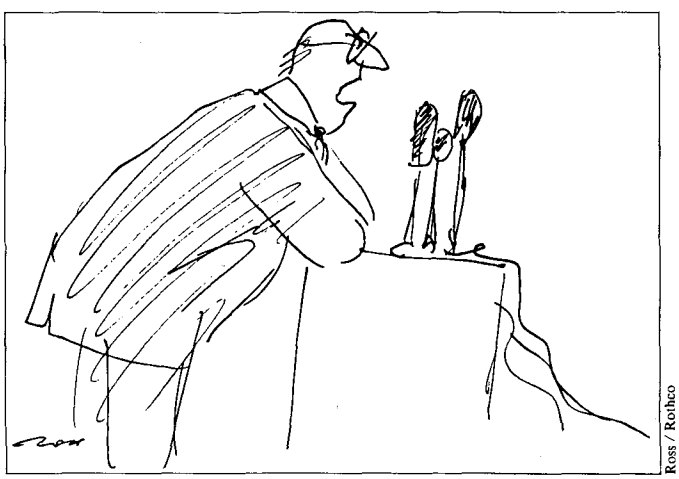
☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The declining value of the dollar has created a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to build your export business at NATIONAL REVIEW. Specifically, Mr. Buckley, in reviewing our computer database analysis of the major exporters in the New York area, I did not find an extensive amount of activity in the area of export at NATIONAL REVIEW.

I have some specific ideas on how you can enhance the export of your products. We are one of America's leading export consultant companies, serving Fortune 500 and growth companies alike. Please call me and I will arrange to meet with you and one of your senior executives.

Very truly yours,
Harold X. Saunders
Great Neck, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Saunders: Thanks. We would like to increase our export to the Soviet Union and await your advice on how to proceed. Cordially, **—WFB**



"If elected I promise to make every tax increase sound like a decrease."

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YEARNING TO BE FREE

IN THE AFTERMATH of Iowa and New Hampshire, conservatives ask: Why did Jack Kemp fail to become the undisputed champion of the Cause? He was right on the issues. Right on foreign policy—support for the Contras, skepticism about the INF treaty, the imperative for SDI. Right on domestic issues—abortion, prayer in schools, Reaganomics, et al. Yet he failed to ignite conservative fires.

The only conservative entitled to claim any degree of triumph is Pat Robertson, whose success thus far is best quantified by the number of Democrats he has led across the party line to vote in Republican contests. Robertson tapped into an unmined vein of conservatism, namely the social issues, which had been given short shrift by Ronald Reagan, despite his copious rhetoric.

So it must be asked: Was Jack Kemp's disappointing presidential bid doomed from the start by a closet yearning among the conservatives to return to the good old days of opposition politics? Of being able to lob in the artillery shells from outside the Establishment? Washington insiders are beginning to credit the heretical notion that conservatives this year may actually prefer to see a Democrat elected in 1988, so that they can rebuild, return to the politics of yore when highly visible confrontations with the Left and telling direct-mail solicitations elevated conservative insiders to national prominence. It has suddenly dawned on these conservatives that the control of the GOP is now held by Establishment Republicans, not Reaganites. Indeed, the Reagan insurgency was just that, an insurgency, and it is now ending. The counter-revolution is under way.

How else explain the Dole and Bush success in capturing the allegiance of movement types? Conspicuously on the outside are the once-powerful wizards of the New Right, muzzled by the Reagan White House time after time ("Where else can they go?"), rendered politically impotent by the success of the Reagan Presidency.

Imagine, for a moment, what the conservatives of yesterday might have done with the revelations about Panama's General Manuel Noriega if those revelations had not occurred on Reagan's watch. In a Gephardt or Dukakis or Simon or Cuomo Administration, conservative demands to abrogate the Carter-era treaty and reassert American control over the Panama Canal would have been deafening. Instead, we hear a tepid defense of the Reagan Administration's strategic interests in pursuing a dalliance with Noriega. Beyond that, mainly silence.

The street argument, then, is as follows. The hard Right, unable to get action through direct persuasion and frequent warnings of treason within the White House, boycotted any candidate in 1988, subconsciously or otherwise. That's why, the logic goes, Kemp, although he was ideally poised to catapult himself into the post-Reagan era of GOP politics, was never able to forge a conservative alliance. "If we lose the Presidency," veteran political strategist Eddie Mahe said recently, "I think the whole conservative movement is launched again."

The politics of opposition are much more appealing than the burdens of government-by-coalition. This is especially true when the prospect is that conservatives, under any Republican successor to Reagan, would at best be junior partners. The rift between the New Right and the GOP Establishment began to show early in the Reagan Administration, when the then Republican National Committee chairman, Richard Richards, told reporters at a National Press Club news conference that he did not think the New Right would be important in the 1982 midterm elections. New Right leaders were outraged. They viewed the RNC chairman's comments as a clear attempt to undercut their influence and, equally important, their fundraising.

Conservatives had viewed the 1980 election results as proof that they had successfully stormed the citadels of power and now deserved to be installed in them. Recall the frequent demands by conservatives to have one of their own within the White House —Joe Coors, Bill Clark, Paul Laxalt as Chief of Staff—to help Ronald Reagan screw his courage to the conservative sticking place. Those demands were consistently rebuffed. As the Reagan years wore on, and moderates and insiders received the plum appointments, right-wingers gradually reconciled themselves to "credentialing" conservatives for leadership in some future Administration. This period left conservatives with a sour taste that still lingers.

SO, THE failure of Kemp to ignite flames in the conservative belly may be best explained by the early deflation and ultimate collapse of conservative delusions in the Reagan years. Now the critical question is whether conservatives will rally to the GOP in the fall, particularly if the election looks close. The answer depends largely on the Democratic ticket and its published programs and policies. Conservatives may show moderate Republicans that they do, in fact, have another place to go, another option to indulge, i.e., the politics of opposition, which built the movement's power in the first place.

It's too bad for Jack Kemp that the closet yearning to be unattached surfaced just as he was hitting his stride and when the chance to bear the standard was almost within his grasp. What a valentine message to send to Kemp: Free again, Jack. Sorry. Subliminally always, Your friends on the Right. □

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SELF-INFLICTED WOUNDS

THERE ARE alternative names for the familiar syndrome, such as shooting oneself in the foot, scoring an own goal, suffering a self-inflicted wound. The capacity of the West in general and the United States in particular to indulge themselves in this manner is almost infinite, and, as somebody once said, self-inflicted wounds are no less painful than the other kind, although less deserving of sympathy.

I am prompted to these somewhat banal reflections by the House vote of February 3, rejecting President Reagan's aid package to the Nicaraguan Contras. No such problems beset the President's aid program for the Afghan Mujahedin. Is this because they are far away? Or because the Soviets are practicing known atrocities in that mountainous ex-kingdom? Because Nicaragua is uncomfortably close to home and the Contras often attract a bad press (although I have seen nothing to suggest that they are morally inferior to the Afghan rebels)? Over all of this brood the memories of Vietnam. Nobody has ever suggested that the Yanks will be out there fighting the invading Russians (actually, nearly all non-Russians); whereas there is undoubtedly a lingering fear that, sometime or other, the U.S. may blunder into a Vietnam in Central America.

Whatever the reasons (and the vote was close), the news is bad in geopolitical, East-West terms. It demonstrates, yet again, that anti-Communist freedom-fighters can never be sure whether the U.S. Government of whatever day will see them through. A real, a final, defeat of the Contras would gravely damage the security of the American people. Mikhail Gorbachev would have demonstrated, as did his predecessors Khrushchev (in the 1960s) and Brezhnev (in 1979), that the Soviet Union has the capacity to install its surrogates in the Western Hemisphere and defy attempts to dislodge them. Beyond Cuba, beyond Nicaragua, lies the enormous disaster area known as Mexico, with a massive deployment of KGB personnel, a dangerous proximity to the United States, and oil.

Typically, Gorbachev chose this moment to announce that he will be pulling his forces out of Afghanistan. When? Well, he is supposed to start on May 15. There are, of course, conditions. It all depends on reaching agreement in the UN-sponsored talks by March. The State Department, in response, said something about "seeing the fine print," which is always a good line to take with real-estate agreements or Soviet proposals.

So let us look at the UN aspect, the fine print, a little more closely. On November 10, 1987, the UN General Assembly adopted, by an impressive 123 votes to 19, with 11 abstentions, a resolution on "the situation in Afghanistan and its implications for peace and security." The Soviet Union and its satellites were somewhat dismayed, for they had campaigned vigorously to soften implied criticism of the Soviet occupation.

The debate had lasted two days, and many speakers pointed out that the Soviet occupation was the central issue. In the end, the resolution that passed resembled those passed every year since 1980. It called for the speedy withdrawal of all foreign (i.e., Soviet) troops, genuine self-determination, the return of the refugees (more than three million of them, nearly all in neighboring Pakistan), and the restoration of Afghanistan's independence and its non-aligned status. It emphasized the legendary independence of the Afghan people in the face of "foreign aggression and occupation." Pakistan's Foreign Minister, Zain Noorani, who introduced it, declared with feeling that the only sanction behind Kabul's "precarious authority" was the Soviet military force.

There is always a tinge of unreality in such debates, yet in this particular case, the UN does serve to draw attention to the continuing atrocity of the Soviet occupation, long planned, and carefully engineered by a series of sponsored coups. Personally, I feel no envy for "Comrade" Najibullah, who was "elected" President of the Republic on September 30, 1987. "Najib," as he likes to be known, declared on November 30 to anybody ready to believe him that Afghanistan's "national democratic revolution" was in no way a socialist or Communist revolution. The fact remains that the cease-fire and the policy of "national reconciliation" announced by the regime in January of last year have been simply rejected by the Mujahedin. In November, when Najibullah called the "Loya Jirga" (presented as a direct successor of the traditional tribal gathering), gun battles and explosions broke out while he was making his speech. He made vague offers of power-sharing, and offered the withdrawal of the Soviet forces over 12 months, compared with the 16 months mentioned in Geneva last September. Now Gorbachev has gone one better, or two, by saying that the withdrawal of the 115,000 men will be completed in only ten months. But only, of course, if his conditions are met.

MEANWHILE, the ubiquitous Armand Hammer was in Rome the other day to canvass the ex-King of Afghanistan for the "job" of presiding over a coalition of Communists and anti-Communists that would give respectability to the mess left behind by the departing Soviets.

At least it can be said that the U.S., not having an army of occupation in Nicaragua, faces no such dilemmas. All the more reason, I should have thought, to support the Contras. □

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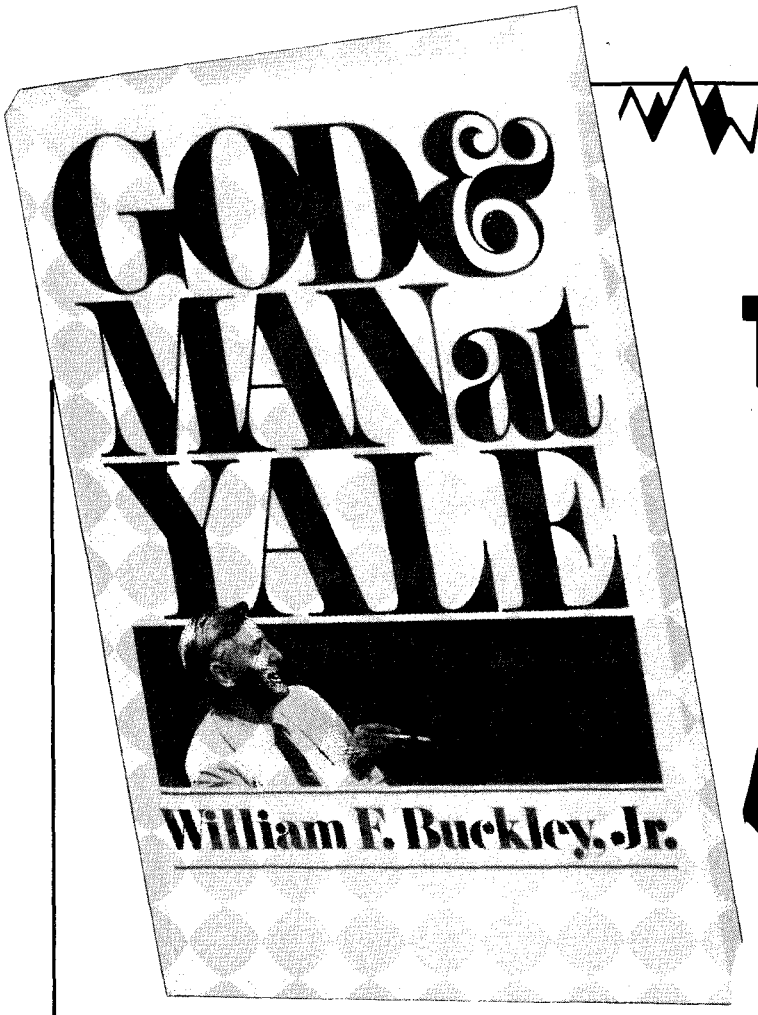

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OLD SPOOKS FOR BUSH

SOMEWHERE in my book, *The Game of Nations*, I say, "You can hardly win a game if you don't even know you are in one." General Eisenhower put it less colloquially when he said, "If you can correctly define a problem you are already half-way towards its solution." The lack of a clear, unambiguous definition of our main problem on the international gameboard was the root cause of Irangate. We will have many more such messes until we have a clear understanding of how we stand vis-à-vis those who would destroy the American way of life.

It happens that we have had, in the attics and basements of our governmental intelligence apparatus, a number of analysts who have defined the problem and who understand it very well. With the cool, judicial mien of Dr. Kissinger's "intelligent, dispassionate visitor from another planet," they have disregarded both those utterances that the Soviets make for popular consumption and those of the viscerally anti-Soviet émigrés among us who want us to see the Soviet Union merely as "evil." Instead they study confidential staff papers that are circulated inside the Kremlin; they talk to high-level defectors; and they have cold-bloodedly "gamed out" Soviet strategy. Their understanding of it equals their Soviet counterparts' understanding of ours.

What these analysts see leads them to the following premises, which, they believe, should underlie any strategy we may devise by way of response.

1. There is no way that we and Soviet leaders can accommodate to each other's objectives and ways of ensuring national security as each understands that term. Everything we know about what Soviet strategists say behind closed doors points to this conclusion: they are so committed to a line of action that *depends* on the destruction of American capitalist influence in the world that to abandon it would mean instant personal suicide.

2. The Soviets, Gorbachev or no Gorbachev, have no intention of engaging us in a "hot" war, either nuclear or conventional. They know that both sides would lose a nuclear war, and that *they* would lose a conventional one: should they attack us head on—in, say, Europe—they would wind up fighting Poles, Czechs, East Germans, etc. But, still, they see no way of avoiding a fight-to-the-finish conflict with us, so we are in such a conflict whether we like it or not. Like his predecessors, Gorbachev knows that the Soviet system cannot survive, even in the USSR itself, in the same world with a vibrant capitalist system. The Soviets, somehow, must "win."

3. If the Soviets can't win a hot war, how can they defeat us? Only by what (to the applause, on our side of the fence, of useful idiots) they call "competition." But here is the important point, and the danger: the Soviet system simply cannot compete successfully with our capitalist system *if they play by rules of fair competition as we understand them*—and Soviet leaders well know it.

So the Soviets' idea of "competition" must differ radically from our own. It doesn't mean making better products and selling them at cheaper prices in easily accessible markets; it means making it impossible for us to do so. Read the Soviets' own literature on the East-West conflict and you will find running all through it the implicit assumption that their strategy is based almost entirely on "denial" (*prepyastovat*)—not the gain of friends, territory, and raw material for themselves, but denial of these necessities to us.

4. Moreover, whatever kind of conflict the Soviets engage in with us, their strategy is geared to American weaknesses rather than to Soviet strengths. On the international gameboard, their strategy rules out serious consideration of a general war (although it counts on the threat of it to achieve "psywar" ends) and shifts the emphasis to what I have called "Confrontations of the Third Kind," a worldwide crazy quilt of regional wars, combined with trouble-making of any and all sorts, anywhere and everywhere in the world. "*Prepyastovat*" is the very essence of Leninist internationalism: depriving us "exploitative capitalists" of both raw materials and markets, while, as an adventitious by-product, putting out of our reach those military bases that we would need should we find it necessary to "revert to the military option."

5. The Soviets know very well that our wars are won and lost inside the U.S. itself. For this reason, their strategy for the international gameboard is closely linked to a program of "disinformation" (*dezinformatzia*) designed to anaesthetize us against suspicions we may have of Soviet intentions and to discredit those who cry alarm.

With these generalizations in mind we can begin to examine Soviet strategy.

A CAREFUL VIEW of staff papers that top Kremlin officials circulate among themselves (available to some of us courtesy of Air Force Intelligence), as explained by several high ranking Soviet defectors, reveals several distinct features. They are as follows:

1. *Exploitation of our "domestic game"*: The part of the KGB that handles North American affairs is manned by second-generation men and women who grew up in the United States as sons and daughters of dip-

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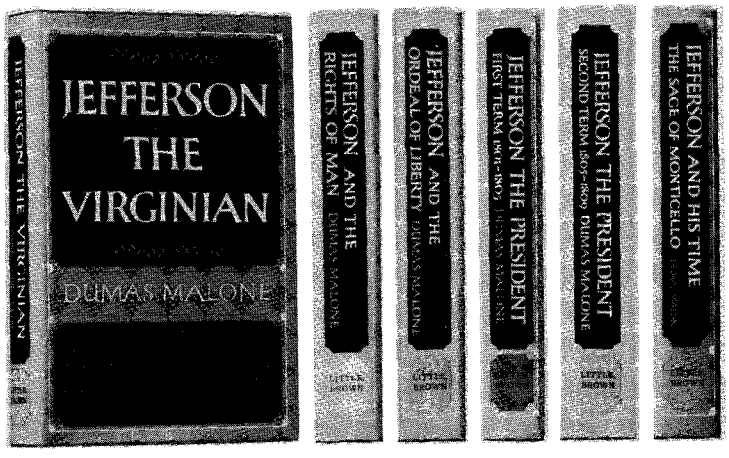

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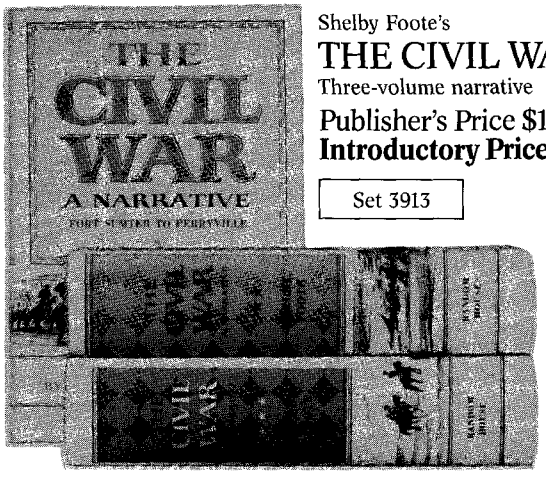

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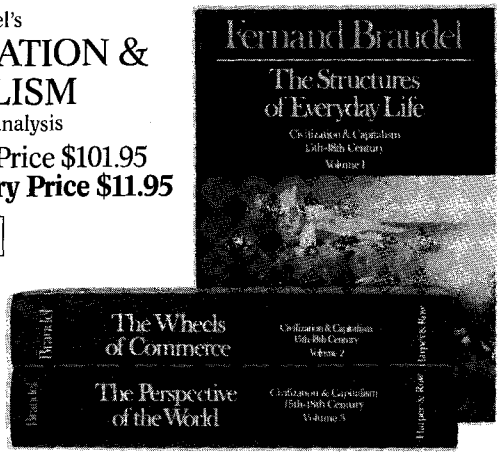

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lomats and intelligence officers; many of them speak accentless English, and they know the United States far better than we know the Soviet Union. They have learned how to pose problems in our "domestic game" that call for solutions that work to our disadvantage in the "international game." The raid on Libya was a case in point. The Reagan Administration took an action that was necessary to placate an outraged American public, but it had the opposite effect of its announced intention in international affairs. (I can produce a study showing that KGB disinformation inside the U.S., which normally devotes its energies to discrediting Reaganite policies, disseminated materials designed to increase American wrath against Qaddafi after our raid on Libya, supporting the idea that Reagan had to take "positive action" against Libya or "lose credibility.")

2. *America's "bourgeois morality"*: The Kremlin's neo-Leninists know that even if we succeed in exposing to the American people the true nature of the Gorbachev offensive, Congress will be afraid to endorse the kind of dirty tricks that the Congress of forty years ago found acceptable. The KGB sees that Americans find it acceptable to try to kill Qaddafi by bombing his tent, missing him but killing a lot of other people, but that they balk at hiring a Libyan assassin who would a) be sure to kill him, b) kill *only* him, c) kill him in such a way that it couldn't be blamed on us. They also see us tooling up for a war that might obliterate most of mankind, yet ruling out as "unthinkable" a few "dirty tricks" that would "corrupt" a few officials in countries where corruption is an art form.

(Note: President Carter turned down Ed Luttwak's straight military plan for freeing the hostages in Teheran because of its size, and my sneakier one, involving pay-offs to a few "students" and Iranian officials, because it was "not the American way.")

3. *"Glasnot" in the U.S.*: Last summer, Soviet observers were no doubt dismayed as they observed the American people applaud Colonel North's defiant assertion that it is sometimes necessary for governments to act secretly in the patriotic service of their country. But the Soviets know very well that in the long run they can count on investigative journalists and our elected representatives to ferret out official secrets and shout them from the rooftops. This doesn't make sense to the Soviets, but they know how to make the most of it.

Soviet strategy is thus a kind of jiu-jitsu by which they use our own considerable powers of communication against us. We have it from at least one high-ranking Soviet defector that helping us to expose ourselves is an important element in the KGB game plan against us. They have set up front organizations and newsletter services to give tips to crusading congressmen and newspapermen who are hot on the trail of covert operations our government may try to conceal.

The main point my friends and I try to make is that, like it or not, we are in a "game" for which the other side makes the rules. Whether Gorbachev stays or goes, we are entering a whole new phase in the East-West conflict. Soviet strategy is designed not only to keep us oblivious to the fact that a game is in progress but to bait us into making moves that will help them, not us.

My oldtime CIA colleagues and I argue that one of the first tasks of the post-Reagan White House must be to convince America that the only strategy by which the United States can hold its own in the ongoing conflict is to put its trust in an organization such as the oldtime CIA, the one we set out to create in 1947.

The United States does not have what it would take, nor is it likely to acquire what it would take, to "destroy" the Soviet system, and we wouldn't use it if we had it. But we could develop and use the means (we had them back in the Fifties) for thwarting the Soviet offensive against us and for containing Soviet influence abroad as we contained it up until Vietnam.

It seems to me that the next President should welcome a strategy that would get us out of the kind of trouble we occasionally get ourselves into as the result of trying to fight governments we dislike from outside their various countries. We must rid the CIA of the paramilitary types who got their experience in Vietnam and replace them with genuine area experts.

There are very few nations hostile to the U.S., I believe, whose behavior we couldn't alter to our advantage by the kind of "political action" the CIA practiced during the late Forties and early Fifties. In those days, we used our intelligence resources to gain an intimate familiarity with the power structures of "enemy" countries; we then sought to "neutralize" whatever it was that made them our enemies by using a mixture of coercion and conciliation, which, by the late Fifties, we had honed to an art form. At the time I left the Agency, in 1957, these techniques were only in the early stages of development, but they worked.

BRIEFLY, THE approach was initially one of singling out "key" leaders in the power structure and making "deals" with them—of the sort Kim Roosevelt and I made in the Fifties with Shishakli in Syria, Nasser in Egypt, the Shah in Iran, Nkrumah and, later, General Ankrah in Ghana. When that didn't work, we covertly backed their enemies. (For example, it was Our Man in Accra who talked Nkrumah into visiting China so that he would be out of the country when General Ankrah launched his coup d'état.) But in all cases we operated *inside* the target country, backing forces of the country itself in pursuit of their *own* ends, and doing so secretly. We relied on forces outside the country (like the Contras) only in rare cases where overpowering resources were available, and where we were sure of getting support inside the country once the mission was completed.

And none of these operations reached the press in ways that would embarrass our government. In other words, they were *really* covert.

Both the public and Congress should realize that our government may from time to time be forced to make moves on the international gameboard that do not make sense to ordinary citizens, but that it will do so only after

(Continues on page 60)

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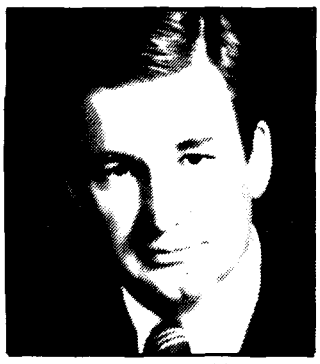

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT FOR DEMOCRATS

FOR ALL PRACTICAL purposes the typical sentient American receives his or her information on what is happening in the world from a relatively small number of sources. Unfortunately, the version of events served up by our media elite is a steady diet of tendentious "news" stories carefully designed to serve the political purposes of American liberalism.

The most famous study of media attitudes was of course the Lichter and Rothman survey reported in the October/November 1981 issue of *Public Opinion*. The results are well known, but worth repeating: 54 per cent of journalists surveyed described themselves as left of center, and 19 per cent considered themselves right of center. Of those who voted in the four elections from 1964 to 1976, *never less than 80 per cent voted for the Democratic candidate.* It is less well known that every survey of journalists conducted before or since confirms this basic finding.

Faced with the mountain of evidence, most journalists say: Why, yes they are *personally* liberal, but that that doesn't affect their treatment of "the news." A nice riposte that, but it doesn't stand up to close scrutiny.

One of the earliest efforts to detect media bias was made by Edith Efron in *The News Twisters*. Analyzing network coverage of the 1968 presidential election, Efron discovered that the words spoken *against* Nixon on ABC outnumbered the words spoken *for* him by nearly nine to one. At NBC the negative proportion was almost ten to one. At CBS it actually exceeded 16 to one.

Things haven't changed much in the last two decades. Maura Clancey and Michael Robinson studied media bias in the 1984 presidential election. Clancey and Robinson determined, among other variables, the network stories' rhetorical "spin"—the positive or negative implications about the candidates carried by the reporter's choice of words. Among their conclusions: Ronald Reagan's bad press total was *ten times greater* than his good press total (7,230 seconds *v.* 730). In other words, his "spin ratio" was ten to one negative. George Bush had a spin ratio that, as Clancey and Robinson said, "defied computation": 1,500 seconds of "bad press" pieces and zero seconds of good press.

Walter Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro, on the other hand, had slightly *positive* spin ratios—1,970 seconds of good press and only 1,450 seconds of bad press. As the authors commented, "Given what we know about the bad-news bias of television, the fact that anyone, let alone any ticket, got more positive spin than negative is news indeed."

But not even Clancey and Robinson are prepared to concede that their study demonstrates a liberal bias on the part of the media. Instead, they posit the existence of what they call "the four I's":

"Impishness"—a human tendency to want to turn a walkaway into a horse race.

"Irritation"—annoyance at what the media perceived as Reagan's glib one-liners and his invulnerability to criticism.

"Incumbency"—a sense that the media have "a special mission to warn Americans about the advantages any incumbent has."

"Irrevocability"—the feeling that a double standard was justified because 1984 was the last time Reagan would ever face the electorate.

Defenders of the media may well wonder whether pleading guilty to the above set of unpleasant impulses would actually constitute much of an improvement over admitting to liberal bias. But they can be spared that painful decision, because, while "the four I's" might explain the media's bias against Reagan in 1984, not one of the four applies to the media's similar treatment of Nixon in the 1968 campaign.

That campaign was no "walkaway" for Nixon, and Nixon was certainly no master of glib one-liners. He was not the incumbent, or even the nominee of the incumbent's party. And 1968 was *not* the last time Nixon could or would face the electorate. Yet the media gave him the same biased treatment that Reagan received in 1984.

Can Anything Be Done?

CONSERVATIVE achievements fare no better than conservative candidates. For example, the March 6, 1984, *Wall Street Journal* reported the results of a survey of network news conducted during the last six months of 1983. Although nearly 95 per cent of the reported changes in U.S. economic statistics during those six months were positive, 86 per cent of the 104 stories about them aired on the three networks' evening news programs were "primarily negative."

These statistics speak for themselves, and a good many journalists do not even dispute the charges of bias and imbalance when speaking privately. But admitting them is very far from conceding that anything ought to be done about the situation. Can anything—should anything—be done?

The institutions whose freedom the First Amendment barred the federal Congress from abridging were the relatively weak journalistic megaphones

Adapted from The Coming Battle for the Media, *by William A. Rusher, ©1988 by William A. Rusher. To be published by William Morrow & Company, Inc.*

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possessed by every significant political party or tendency. In the ensuing two hundred years the press in this country has metastasized into an enormously powerful "autonomous" institution raised into a virtual fourth branch of government, checking the actions of the other three.

Does this matter? *Ought* it to matter? If, hypothetically, the past two hundred years had correspondingly enhanced the power of, say, the medical profession, making it practically a "fourth branch of government," would there be any lack of critics to argue that the time had come to bring it under closer review and perhaps to limit its powers?

There might be something to be said for protecting the political clout exercised by today's media elite if those wielding it represented a cross-section of the political opinions contending for influence in American society. The media's defenders often assert that they do, but in actuality nothing could be further from the truth.

The dominant media in the United States are today, with negligible exceptions, passionate allies of the Democratic Congress in its current battle with the GOP executive branch. The formula has numerous variations, but its basic outlines are piercingly familiar. Citing a source who "requests not to be identified," the media give extensive publicity to some allegation of wrongdoing on the part of the President or his agents. Members of Congress (one of whom may, for all we know, be the anonymous source of the allegation) express shock and outrage, and convene a committee to investigate the charge. The media give lavish coverage to the investigation, and to the committee's ultimate conclusions—which, predictably, are highly unfavorable to the President and his men. If (as in the case of Watergate) violations of law are disclosed, they are of course zealously prosecuted. If not (as in the case of the charges against the CIA in the mid 1970s), the target agency may nevertheless be effectively crippled by "remedial" legislation.

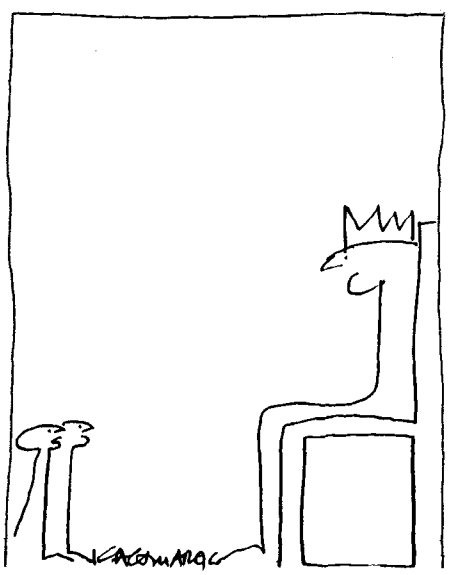
There is nothing intrinsically unhealthy about this whole process except its inherent lopsidedness. Politics is, after all, a contact sport. Presidents and their agents do misbehave from time to time, and there is nothing in the least improper about Congress and/or the media exposing such misbehavior—quite the contrary. But where is the media's equivalent vigilance in exposing the misdeeds of the liberal leaders of Congress? Or don't they ever misbehave?

Nor is it sufficient to say that Republicans control the Justice Department and thus can investigate and prosecute congressional leaders. Congress's probes of the executive branch are invariably preceded and accompanied by a blaze of media publicity, which generates heavy public pressures for action. Without such media support, prosecutors often rightly feel that it is unwise, and may be downright unsafe, to seek indictments.

Military Considerations

Moreover, we have by no means necessarily reached the limits of the media's service to liberal causes. How confident can we be that the major media, confronted with an American military operation of which they profoundly disapproved, would not go much further than they have hitherto gone in thwarting the success of American arms? They are not required to report American victories. They are at liberty to misrepresent the results of enemy actions. They can dwell on the unquestionable horrors of any military activity and disregard altogether, if they wish, the long-range consequences of failing to undertake it. On the evidence to date, they would not hesitate to do so.

Why should the rights of the media under the First Amendment necessarily take precedence over the determination of a President, in his capacity as commander-in-chief of the armed forces under Article II, Section 2, that military considerations such as morale must inform and influence the media's coverage of military developments, at least where better-balanced reporting would actually improve morale?



"Yes, he does look rather kingly."

There are many ways to nudge the media into behaving more fairly. If the Fairness Doctrine were to be rigorously enforced, for example, it could transform the performance of the major electronic news media overnight. Content analyses of the "news" broadcasts of the networks may be tedious, but they are by no means impossible. There is no reason why egregious examples of bias on the part of the electronic media could not be demonstrated and then stopped by the ordinary processes of administrative law, subject as usual to judicial review.

Paul Johnson, writing in *The Spectator* in July 1986, proposed a possible reform:

> . . . a statutory right of reply . . . works well in a number of countries. It is not the sensational change which its supporters and opponents believe it to be—in practice it is productive of much tedious copy, no bad thing. But it does make editors more careful; it does accord with most people's notion of natural justice, and it does remove one of the chief and most justified public complaints against overweening press power. . . .

Nor need correction of the situation necessarily require any modification of the text of the First Amendment. A relatively small shift in the balance of power on the Supreme Court might well result in a very different attitude toward many of the implications that have been drawn from that Amendment in recent decades by Court majorities intent on serving the same liberal political interests that have dominated the media.

Perhaps it won't prove necessary to rely on the courts. American society has usually been acutely responsive to abuses of power from any quarter. It is reasonable to hope that the contemptuous indifference with which the media elite have, for the most part, thus far reacted to legitimate criticism may not be their final word on the subject, and that they may yet take steps to remedy a situation that, in some future military crisis, might well get dangerously out of hand. □

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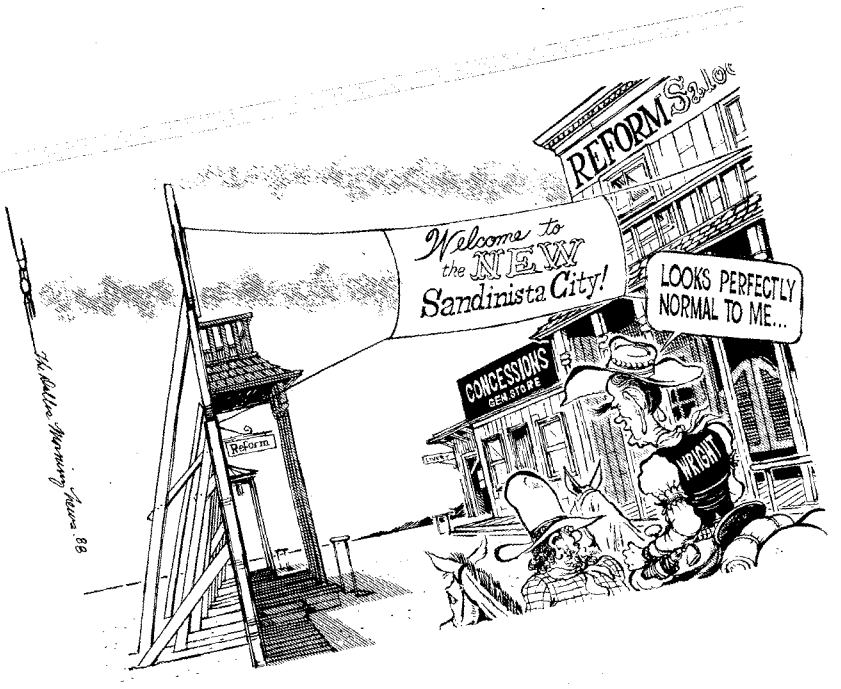

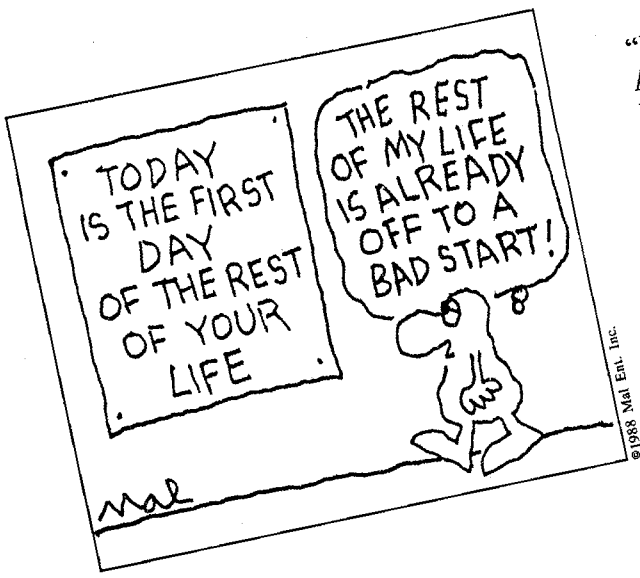

Don't Ask

"How *are* you?" they ask as they phone or stop by,
And often I wonder how I should reply.
If I were to say, "I feel better today,"
They'd cheer, though they'd rightfully doubt what I say.
And since they know too I'm a very old dame
They'd doubt me as well if I said, "Just the same."
But if I were truthful and said with a curse,
As should be expected, each day I am worse,
They'd ask for details and they'd want to know more,
And since that would be such a horrible bore,
When anyone asks how I am, I'm benign,
If not wholly truthful, and say, "I'm just fine."

CORINNA MARSH

"Sorry, I'm not into caring just now."

IT'S NOW TIME TO VOTE FOR THE SCHOOL BOND ISSUE!
PUBLIC SCHOOL OFFICIAL
ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF EDUCATION, RAISE YOUR HANDS!
PUBLIC SCHOOL OFFICIAL
AGEE © COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE TELEGRAPH

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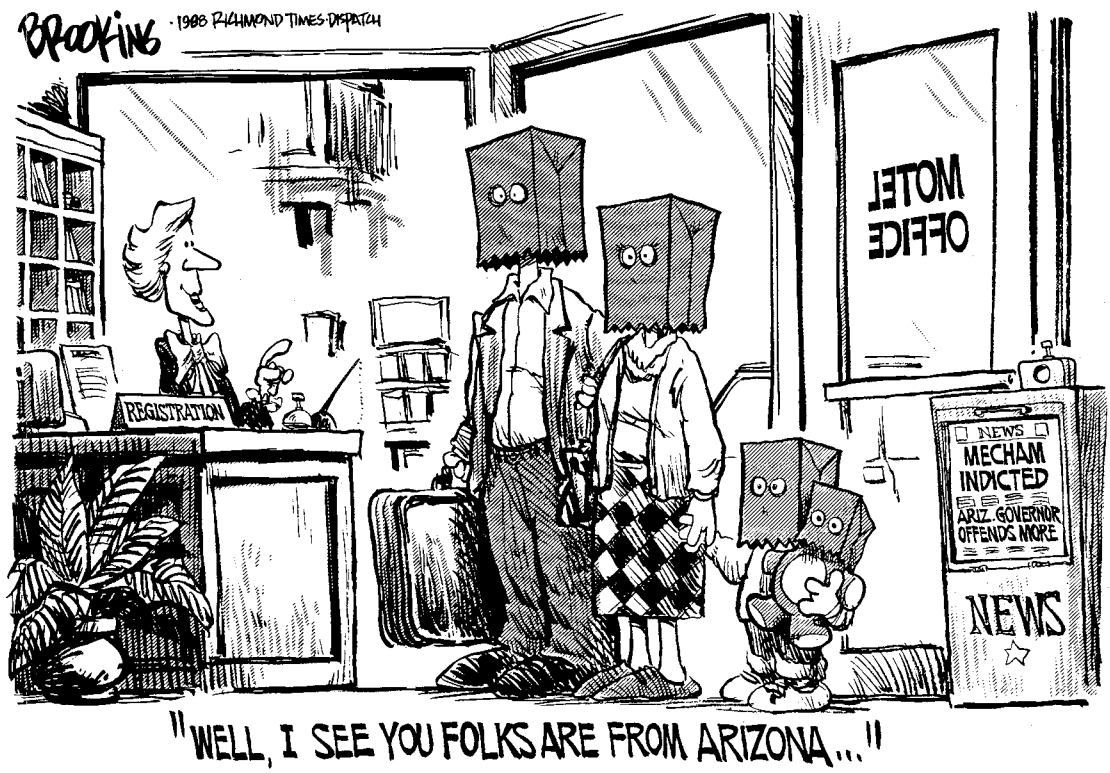

"WELL, I SEE YOU FOLKS ARE FROM ARIZONA..."

ANOTHER DEMOCRATIC DEBATE

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ELECTION '88 / Richard Brookhiser

THE UNTOUCHABLES

PAT ROBERTSON isn't a great speaker, but then consider the competition. He keeps up a clear and forceful flow—so forceful that sometimes it runs away from him. The other distraction is his smile. In a way, it is even odder than Jimmy Carter's. Carter smiled only at the wrong times. Robertson smiles at all times.

After Iowa, his rivals thought of him as a smiling, damnèd villain. He went on to a fifth place finish in New Hampshire, but looks to do well in Minnesota, South Carolina, and on Super Tuesday. I caught him three days after his first triumph, in a speech to a general court, or joint session, of the New Hampshire legislature in Concord.

Robertson spent most of his New Hampshire campaign time in the state's North Country. I spoke once up there. It was a four-hour drive from anyplace else, and part of the road was dirt. It is a physical symbol of the mental world the media believe Robertson's supporters inhabit—remote, reclusive, a little scary. From this point of view, the Concord House chamber, with its pictures of Washington, Lincoln, and Franklin Pierce, was a bad backdrop. But Robertson asks to be viewed as a mainstream politician. From his point of view, a state house is a symbol of where he wants to go.

"My campaign has a very simple message," he began his standard stump speech. "I want the United States to be Number One in the world." This requires restoring "the moral values that made this nation great in the beginning."

"We hear a lot about malaise. America is still great, but we've given up our historic faith in God." This led to his first subject, education. "It is an absolute travesty that children cannot pray in public schools in America." Robertson pledged to eliminate functional illiteracy in four years. The way to do that was to conduct education in a "crime-free, drug-free, disciplined school environment." He told of speaking at a high school, and asking the kids how many of them knew anyone who took drugs. "And I'm talking about way up north, not Boston, not New York, not Philadelphia, not Los Angeles." Every hand had gone up. "We have been playing games with drug dealers" in Panama, Mexico, and Bolivia. America should insist that foreign governments "go with our forces" to cocaine factories and marijuana fields and "eliminate the problem at the source." Meanwhile, at home, we needed a grass-roots determination to "establish a drug-free society, and do it now."

Second came spending. "The patrimony of my children is being taken away from them. If a lawyer had a trust fund and invaded it, he would go to jail. And yet we have politicians" doing the same thing. The answer was to cut spending, without raising taxes, until the budget was balanced, which, Robertson said, could happen by FY1991.

Last was the world. "Can we as a world," he expanded Lincoln, "endure half slave and half free?" Robertson expressed the desire to be a freedom-fighter in Angola, Mozambique, Afghanistan, "and, particularly, Nicaragua." Meanwhile, in the center ring, he opposed the INF treaty on the ground of Soviet untrustworthiness. "If a man stole your wallet, would you turn around and give him a thousand dollars?"

Occasionally, throughout this address, Robertson paused as if waiting for applause, which sometimes came, sometimes didn't. Every politician experiences this when he confronts a crowd that is not 100 per cent with him, but Robertson hid the awkwardness less well than most. I had seen a similar naïveté among his supporters at the official kickoff of his candidacy, which he made last fall in front of a brownstone in the Bedford-Stuyvesant slum in Brooklyn, where he had briefly lived as a young minister three decades ago. Robertson's supporters were ranged in the street on bridge chairs; there was a choir of black kids from a Pentecostal church, neat in grey sweaters, singing "The Star Spangled Banner." There was also a crowd of homosexuals, yelling "Nazi!" and "Bigot!"—the usual charming stuff. One of the young singers frowned at the (white) howlers and asked, "What you doin' here? You don't even live here." The Robertsonites stared sourly, a little shocked, as if they'd never heard such rudeness.

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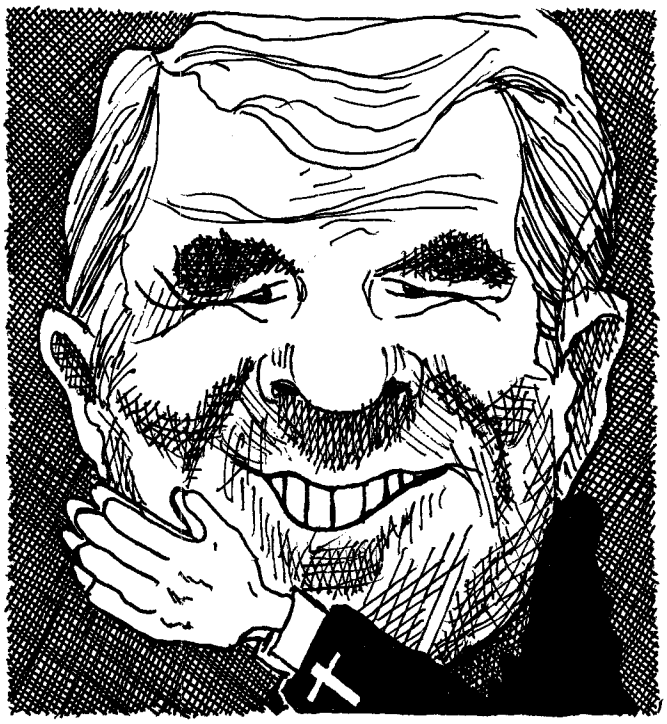
Which they probably hadn't. Which we reporters, alas, all too often do.

"We must go back," he wound up in Concord, "to our love of freedom, of individual initiative, of families, of the values that made us great, of God Almighty, of the fundamental values stated so clearly at the beginning of this nation." If we did, he (and we) could say to our children, "I proudly give to you America, the greatest nation on earth, and truly one nation under God."

THE WORLD Robertson seeks to enter is, ironically, not unlike the world he came from. The story of his early life is usefully told in *Pat Robertson: A Personal, Political, and Religious Portrait*, by David Edwin Harrell Jr., chairman of the history department at the University of Alabama.

Absalom Willis Robertson, Pat's father, was elected to the Virginia state senate in 1915, and lost his United States Senate seat in a primary in 1966. Willis Robertson was a handsome, courtly man, who liked to hunt and fish, and to drink with his constituents. He was also fussy and closefisted. He married his first cousin and had two sons, the second, Marion Gordon (Pat), when he was 42. In the 1940s, "distances developed in family relations." Willis Robertson lived alone in Washington hotel rooms when Congress was in session, while his wife stayed in Lexington, where "religion came to dominate her mind."

Pat was smart and charming, and he got off to a fast start. He got a Phi Beta Kappa key at Washington and Lee; his father got him a commission in the Marine Reserve; and, after the Korean War, he got into Yale Law School. (Pete McCloskey, the liberal former congressman, stated years later that he remembered young Robertson telling him, as a Marine, that his father had gotten him out of combat duty. Robertson sued for $35 million.) Robertson also got into the fast lane. "Whisky and women," a Yale classmate remembered. "He was out on the point there." In 1954, he married Dede Elmer, a nursing student he had met at a dorm party; as all the world now knows, their first child was born ten weeks later.


Lew Anderson

This was a major change in his life; so was Yale, where for the first time his grades slipped to mediocre. After graduating, he failed the New York bar. His father was not pleased. He became a management trainee at W. R. Grace, then left to set up a sound-equipment company, which folded. His father was less pleased. He considered suicide; he also considered the ministry.

His mother, who had "hovered over the young couple, sending them tracts and praying constantly for their salvation," put him in touch with an itinerant evangelist. Robertson met him, then Christ. He poured his Ballantine's Blended down the drain, and enrolled in the Biblical Seminary of New York (later renamed New York Theological). "I wanted the experiences of the New Testament church. . . . If they had miracles and they had a very close personal walk with Jesus, I wanted it too." Robertson and a group of classmates were among the first evangelicals to become interested in the charismatic practices of Pentecostals. He prophesied before Mrs. Norman Vincent Peale. One summer, when his wife was visiting her family, he sold the furniture and moved into the Bed-Stuy parish house, next door to a brothel.

When his wife was visiting her family, he sold the furniture and moved into the Bed-Stuy parish house, next door to a brothel

For Willis Robertson, Harrell notes, "the changes in his son became increasingly nightmarish." He wasn't the only one. Dede often felt jilted by her husband's "spiritual carousing." A Bible verse led them out of Brooklyn ("Thou shalt not take a wife or have children in this place"). The place Robertson went instead was Portsmouth, Virginia, where he picked up a moribund UHF station, which had been the tax write-off of a car dealer.

You can inspect the results on your television. Robertson recently chewed out Tom Brokaw for calling him a former "televangelist." The proper title, declared Robertson, is "Christian broadcaster." If size counts, Robertson can call himself anything he wants.

By the end of Willis Robertson's life, father and son had achieved a reconciliation. In time, the son considered entering his father's career. Jerry Falwell was the first Christian broadcaster to take the lead in the late-Seventies phenomenon of the Religious Right. But Robertson has had, as they say, longer legs. The two have never gotten along, probably out of theological as well as personal rivalry. Historically, fundamentalists have suspected charismatics of short-changing Scripture; while charismatics have accused fundamentalists of being pharisaical.

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George Bush put more spit on his ball in Michigan than Robertson, and managed to turn a defeat into a contested victory. But elsewhere Robertson has reaped the fruits of his labors.

And so, here we are.

AN INTERESTING life. But do we put people in the White House for their biographies?

Robertson charges that much of the animus against him is bigotry. Surely he is right, if we understand the class dimensions of bigotry. Paul Fussell put it neatly in his amusing and viperous book *Class*. The upper class will say of a dead relative that he "died." The middle class will say he "passed away." "Proles" (Fussell's word) say he "was taken to Jesus." It may be U to believe in God. It is not-U to say so.

Bigotry is uncritical prejudice. But Robertson's religious beliefs, and their effect on his politics, are criticized on their merits. The *Wall Street Journal* has had fun with his talk of a Jubilee Year (canceling all debts every half-century). For a while, in the early Eighties, he was pushing head-for-the-hills survivalism. He believes that the State of Israel is a sign of the Last Things.

Robertson meets these questions in various ways. The timetable for Armageddon is in God's hands; it would be blasphemous, as well as impossible, to hurry it. At other times, he admits to speculating; or to being plain wrong.

Jackson is rallying whites, and not only on the fringes. Where else is a white Democrat who wants madder music supposed to go?

He'd better get used to explaining, because he'll be doing a lot of it. People will have to sift his religious record, because there is literally nothing else in his past to go on. This was my problem with Robertson a year and a half ago, and it may be why I can't get interested in Hurricane Gloria now. Why worry about the guy's batting average, when he shouldn't even be in the ball game? The Presidency is not an entry-level position. You can't put someone in the White House who won't be able to find his way to the bathroom when he gets there.

But I am howling at the wind. One of the few certain things in this interesting year is that Pat Robertson is going all the way to New Orleans.

THE OTHER certain thing is that Jesse Jackson will go all the way to Atlanta. The propelling force, as in Robertson's case, is a mobilized constituency that wants to leave its mark on politics.

The resemblance pretty much ends there. Jackson, if anything, seems to me to suffer from a lack of religious conviction. He boasts that, during his last campaign, he brought Fidel Castro into a church for the first time in years. I was in that church, and I remember what Jackson brought him in to hear. Jackson gave a 45-minute recitation of whatever his left-wing academic handlers were feeding him that week, decorated with references to the crucifixion (Martin Luther King's, not the other guy's). He ended by asking the congregation to use its "spiritual power" to get American bases out of Honduras. By this time, Castro's eyes were wandering. I actually felt sorry for the dictator.

Lew Anderson

Am I alone in finding Jackson less compelling this time around? Four years ago, he had a striking face—both boyish and powerful. Prosperity, or time, has thickened it. In ten years, he'll look like an old con man.

The news of 1988 is that Jackson is rallying whites, and not only on the fringes. Jim Hightower, the left-wing Texas Agriculture Commissioner, is playing ball with him; but so is Bert Lance. Dick Gephardt's corporation-bashing rhetoric in Iowa was lifted straight from Jackson.

Where else is a white Democrat who wants madder music supposed to go? Paul Simon turned out to be more like PeeWee Herman than Harry Truman, and Cuomo continues to inspect his soul up in Albany.

What will the Untouchables ask for? I remember the Jacksonites discussing this question during one of the many lulls of his Central American tour. Their consensus was that the two positions Jackson would be best suited for were director of Central Intelligence and the President's national security advisor.

A more reasonable guess is vice-presidential nominations. In the Democratic Party, this could mean Representative Bill Gray; in the Republican Party, Senator William Armstrong. (Gray is black, Armstrong is an Evangelical.)

An odds-maker's guess, and hence probably wrong. If the Untouchables reckoned on the odds, they wouldn't be where they are today. □

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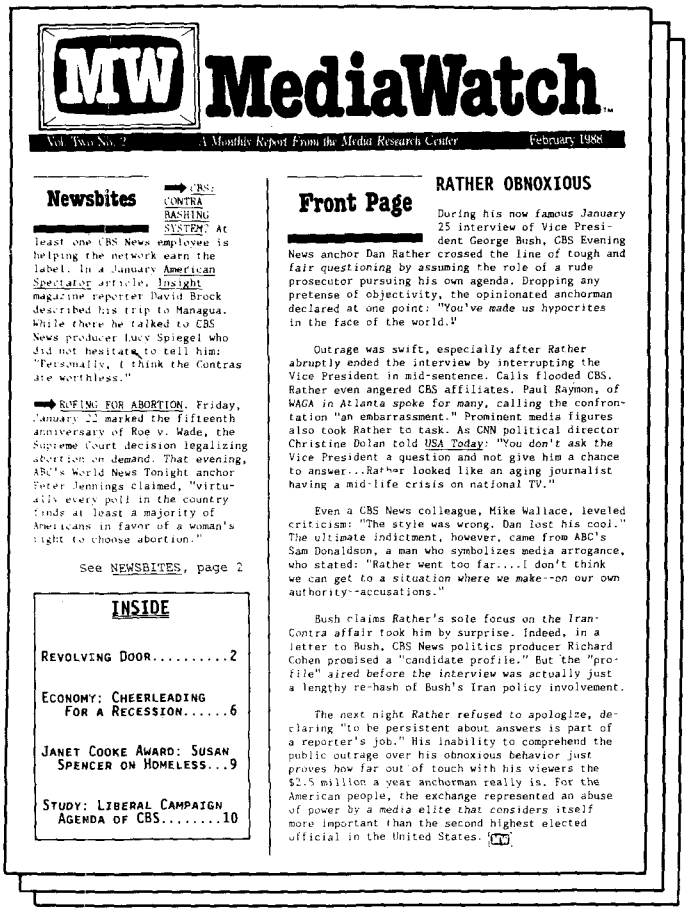

MW MediaWatch™

Vol. Two No. 2 — A Monthly Report From the Media Research Center — February 1988

Newsbites

➡ CBS: CONTRA BASHING SYSTEM. At least one CBS News employee is helping the network earn the label. In a January American Spectator article, Insight magazine reporter David Brock described his trip to Managua. While there he talked to CBS News producer Lucy Spiegel who did not hesitate to tell him: "Personally, I think the Contras are worthless."

➡ ROEING FOR ABORTION. Friday, January 22 marked the fifteenth anniversary of Roe v. Wade, the Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion on demand. That evening, ABC's World News Tonight anchor Peter Jennings claimed, "virtually every poll in the country finds at least a majority of Americans in favor of a woman's right to choose abortion."

See NEWSBITES, page 2

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Front Page

RATHER OBNOXIOUS

During his now famous January 25 interview of Vice President George Bush, CBS Evening News anchor Dan Rather crossed the line of tough and *fair questioning* by assuming the role of a rude prosecutor pursuing his own agenda. Dropping any pretense of objectivity, the opinionated anchorman declared at one point: "You've *made us* hypocrites in the face of the world."

Outrage was swift, especially after Rather abruptly ended the interview by interrupting the Vice President in mid-sentence. Calls flooded CBS. Rather even angered CBS affiliates. Paul Raymon, of WAGA *in Atlanta spoke for many*, calling the confrontation "an embarrassment." Prominent media figures also took Rather to task. As CNN political director Christine Dolan told USA Today: "You *don't ask the* Vice President a question and not give him a chance to answer...Rather looked like an aging journalist having a mid-life crisis on national TV."

Even a CBS News colleague, Mike Wallace, leveled criticism: "The style was wrong. Dan lost his cool." The ultimate indictment, however, came from ABC's Sam Donaldson, a man who symbolizes media arrogance, who stated: "Rather went too far....I don't think we can get *to a situation where we make*--on our own authority--accusations."

Bush claims Rather's sole focus on the Iran-Contra affair took him by surprise. Indeed, in a letter to Bush, CBS News politics producer Richard Cohen promised a "candidate profile." But the "profile" *aired before the interview* was actually just a lengthy re-hash of Bush's Iran policy involvement.

The next night Rather refused to apologize, declaring "to be persistent about answers is part of a reporter's job." His inability to comprehend the public outrage over his obnoxious behavior just proves how far out of touch with his viewers the $2.5 million a year anchorman really is. For the American people, the exchange represented an abuse of power by a media elite that considers itself more important than the second highest elected official in the United States.

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- Analysis of how the media promote Gorbachev's views at summits.
- The networks' agenda to destroy the Nicaraguan Freedom Fighters.

What some of our readers say:

► *"Bravo to* **MediaWatch** *for exposing the hypocrisy in so much of what's going on in the 'news' business."*
—Senator Jesse Helms

► *"***MediaWatch** *is by long odds the most inspired idea that has hit the conservative movement in years. Your determined and comprehensive coverage of the media's performance has almost no competition and absolutely no equal whatever."*
—William Rusher
Publisher, *National Review*

► *"***MediaWatch** *has become must reading for me."*
—Bruce Herschensohn
Commentator
KABC-TV, Los Angeles

► *"Where most conservatives complain vaguely about media bias,* **MediaWatch** *gives names, dates and incriminating quotes. It reports the prejudices of the press in action, and pounces."*
—Joseph Sobran
Syndicated Columnist

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NEW HOPE FOR CHILE?

THE OFFICE of General Augusto Pinochet, President of Chile and currently heading the last of the military regimes of South America, is situated very close to the room of La Moneda Palace in which his predecessor, the Marxist Salvador Allende, met his death on September 11, 1973. Appropriately enough, Allende's room is to the left, Pinochet's to the right, of the main entrance.

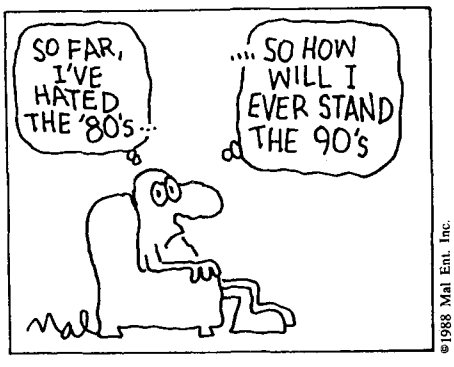
Controversy still rages as to the exact cause of Allende's death. The international Left—to whom Allende has become something of a folk hero on a par with Patrice Lumumba and that teen idol, but abysmally inefficient guerrilla leader, Che Guevara—now hold that Allende died heroically under Pinochet's bullets, still clasping the submachine gun given him by his friend Fidel Castro. There has, however, never seemed to me to be much reason to doubt the original version, given by Allende's doctor and broadcast by the BBC at the time, that the "Comrade President" had committed suicide with the said weapon, as the insurgent troops entered the rocket-blasted palace. The manner of Allende's death might seem a technicality of little enough consequence, were it not that the legend-making efforts of the Left exemplify the hostility, superbly orchestrated, that has greeted every act of the Chilean government since.

This, it has to be admitted, has been often assisted by the sheer brutality shown by the Pinochet regime at various times, which has alienated many who might otherwise have supported those who saved this beautiful land, the most agreeable in South America, from the stultifying scourge of Marxism.

Among them I number myself. This is why I let 16 years pass before I returned to Chile. When I had last been there, in 1971, Allende had just been elected president, at the head of the *Unidad Popular* (UP) coalition—the first Marxist regime ever to win on a free ballot. Allende's victory, the result of a split in the "bourgeois parties," was by a plurality of only 39,000 votes over his nearest rival. Yet, even in the few weeks I spent in Chile in 1971, I saw Allende in his famous "Ninety Days" turning a country once described as "the England of South America," because of its moderation and espousal of the law, into a one-party Marxist state.

The press was cowed—admittedly by subtly indirect, rather than direct, pressures. By an ingenious manipulation of existing laws, the UP government seized strike-torn industries through imposing government *interventas* on them. An agrarian-reform program, devised by a Cuban-trained ideologue, reduced a relatively prosperous agriculture to a shambles. Within a year, Chile was importing chickens from France with foreign currency it did not possess. Down in the remote south, Tupamaro-style MIR guerrillas expropriated millions of acres of farms, while Allende turned a blind eye.

The discovery, in 1973, of large quantities of Cuban and Czech arms, with which paramilitary forces of the Left were rapidly being equipped, lent substance to the threat. This was a major factor in the decision of army leaders, headed by Pinochet, to move first. All the evidence indicated that Allende and his revolutionary associates were bent on reducing Chile to a Marxist outpost every bit as nasty as Cuba. What has happened in Chile since 1973 has to be seen against this essential backdrop.



IN THE EYES of the international Left, Chile, in reversing the irreversible by becoming the first country to confront the Brezhnev Doctrine and overturn a Marxist regime, had committed the unforgivable. Henceforth Chile was to be blackballed by whatever means possible. Pinochet and the Chilean Junta played into the Left's hands by meeting subversion with repeated infractions of human rights. The best that could be said was that they reflected the insecurity felt by an isolated Chile in a hostile world.

Now, however, after 14 years of military rule, Pinochet has committed himself to returning Chile to democracy, with free elections by March 1989. The timetable is as follows: by December 1988 the ruling Junta will select a presidential candidate; one to two months later there will be a plebiscite, a straight yes-or-no vote on the official candidate, followed by open elections for a new Congress. If the Junta's candidate fails to win a clear majority, then he must face a second election, in which all parties (except the Marxists) can compete.

But will Pinochet keep his promises? That was the question on my mind when I went to see General Pinochet, apparently the first British journalist to be granted an interview in at least the last ten years. The president himself is shorter than I expected. Dressed in an elegantly tailored civilian suit, Pinochet is courteous, affable, relaxed—and forthright. Throughout the interview, he re-

Author of A Savage War of Peace, Small Earthquake in Chile, *etc., Mr. Horn has also written an official life of Harold Macmillan, due out next year.*

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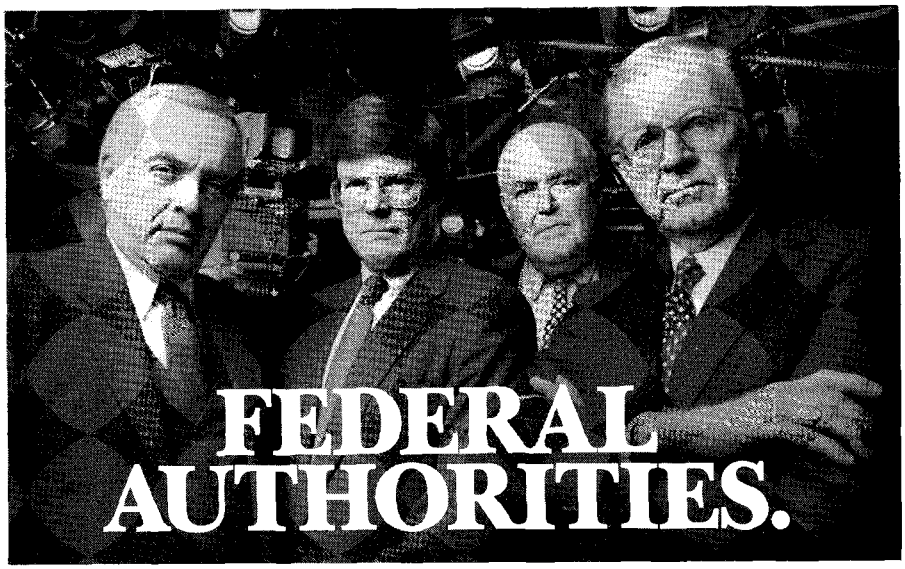
peatedly showed himself haunted by fears of a return to the bad old days of Allende, and determined that Chile should never again fall into the clutches of Marxist totalitarianism. He laid the blame for subversive and terrorist activity directly on Soviet imperialism: "The evil is managed by Moscow." Gorbachev "is making a fool out of everybody in the whole world; he is as Communist as Stalin and Lenin were," he warned emphatically.

Nonetheless he expressed confidence that, rather than trying to disrupt the coming elections, Moscow would issue orders to "cut terrorism, for tactical purposes, so as not to frighten people." Already, terrorism in Chile "hardly existed." (And, indeed, the contrast between Chile and its terrorist-ridden neighbors Peru and Colombia is manifest.)

I asked General Pinochet why, then, given Chile's new confidence, he had felt it necessary to pass a new law prohibiting "Marxist propaganda" in the press, a move which has been sharply criticized by the Inter-American Press Association, as well as by Chilean journalists. Pinochet made it quite plain that he will do everything in his power to forestall a return to any form of socialism in Chile. No other South American country, he pointed out, had ever "reached the position it had in 1973 . . . The 1980 Constitution [which banned all "totalitarian propaganda against the government"] had been approved by 67 per cent of the population," and it now had to be reinforced by law so as "to protect institutionally future governments."

As Pinochet's Foreign Secretary, Ricardo García—an attractive, youngish lawyer who is reckoned to have an important political future in any new democratic system—told me, the Chilean aim is "to *recreate*, not to return to, democracy . . . to create a Chilean political framework for many years, with stability." "Do you know," he added, "of any other dictatorship that has fixed its own end?"

When I tried to draw Pinochet out on the similarities of Chile's successful, free-market economy to Thatcherism, he remarked that he had first heard of Mrs. Thatcher's philosophies only six years ago, but now found himself in total accord with her—"without agree-



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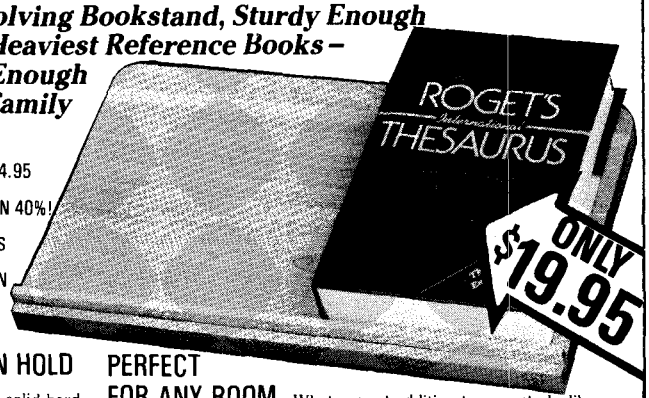

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ing on details." It was also his ambition "to limit the power of the state in the economy." But, he stressed: "I am neither Right nor Left—I am a Chilean."

We moved on to the delicate issue of human rights. I boldly compared his approach to the French Army's during the Algerian War. By resorting to torture, it had won battles, but the ensuing public revulsion ultimately cost it the war. If there were a renewal of terrorism in the future, could the government guarantee that it would meet it without the unacceptably harsh measures of the past—specifically torture? "Do the Communists, do the Cubans, recognize human rights?" he asked in reply.

I REMARKED, perhaps rather piously, that surely the West had to set higher standards? He laughed, and answered that it was "a problem of time for us to get over the torture image." The Soviet Union was "expert in disinformation and had spent millions of dollars in pursuit of its objectives."

Then, looking me straight in the eye, he declared, "There has not been torture"; and, for the future, the government would "reject every harsh measure," regardless of any new terrorism. I found the first statement as hard to accept as the second was encouraging. Later a government spokesman explained that the president had meant that torture had never been officially condoned: "If there had been excesses, these would have been made known to the judiciary." He drew my attention to charges of "excesses" recently filed against a number of policemen. And yet, despite Pinochet's encouraging words, forty suspects from the assassination attempt of September 1986 are still being held without trial; a senior Western diplomat in Santiago told me that isolated instances of torture still take place.

Over the past few years, Chile's achievements on the economic and social fronts have undoubtedly been quite remarkable, by almost any standards.

Santiago, which I remember as a grey, depressed city, is bustling. The terrible *poblaciones*—slums which once cordoned the city—have been replaced extensively by good, standard, council housing. (Pinochet told me that his government had built 400,000 housing units in ten years—I believe him.) There is also an impressive amount of road-building. Chile is reputed to achieve the most miles per dollar unit of any country in South America.

At the time of the Pinochet coup in September 1973, inflation peaked at 1,000 per cent. Today it stands at a stable 20 per cent or less, excellent by South American standards; the inflation rate in neighboring Peru hit nearly 120 per cent in 1987 and Brazil's was not much better. Chile's unemployment is around 10 per cent, roughly equal to Britain's. Foreign investment in Chile for the first nine months of 1987 doubled that for the same period in 1986, while Chile's trade surplus is close to the target agreed to with the IMF (International Monetary Fund). The public-sector deficit is very small. In November, the Santiago stock market must have been the only one in the world on the rise.

Of course, much of Chile's future prosperity must depend on world price trends. Some of the current boom comes from the unexpectedly high price of copper, which reached a peak of over $1 a pound in November. Chile has long been the world's largest producer of copper, and—as a "one-crop economy"—for many years it used to be dangerously vulnerable to the whims of the international metal market. Now, however, the Pinochet government has created a "stabilization fund," ploughing back profits now to meet lean years in the future. Chile's farms are also back on stream, providing this year—despite droughts and floods—a significant surplus of wheat for export.

More fundamental has been a far-ranging diversification both of products and of trading partners. Two bright young economists (this is where the talent in Chile seems to go these days, instead of into politics) described to me, with enthusiastic optimism, how the "Pacific Rim" was now opening up as Chile's major new trading area. Over the past year "an avalanche" of new Australian and New Zealand investment had flooded in. Japan is also very active, buying fruit and selling motorcars on indecently attractive terms. And Communist China is making a bid for Chile's copper and forestry products.

This long tapeworm of a country—stretching for 2,500 miles from the Tropics down to Cape Horn, but in places little more than fifty miles wide—as far away from the rest of the world as you can go, has been called "an impossible geography with a difficult economy." At the beginning of the 1980s, the experiments of "the Chicago Boys" to get this "difficult economy" on the road again seemed to have foundered. But today the new-style, especially Chilean, free-market economy seems to have sparked a horde of new enterprises, ranging from berry- and asparagus-growing to forestry products and salmon fisheries, and even humus-producing worm farms.

Just as in Thatcher's Britain, national industries like electricity, telephones, the LAN Chile airline, and even pension funds are being privatized. Said my economist friend, by no means an uncritical supporter of Pinochet: "Compared to the highly protectionist society that existed even before Allende, what is happening is an economic revolution." He predicted that, within ten years at this rate, Chile might leave the ranks of the underdeveloped countries.

Next to their livelier competitors in Peru, and even Ecuador, Chilean newspapers, once the best on the continent, have become pretty boring reading. But the controls are slowly lifting, and in conversation there is absolutely no restraint. Compared with democratic but highly nervy Peru, there are few overt signs of a police state. When I was dining at a Santiago restaurant on my first night in Chile, Pinochet's daughter and a young man came in and sat at a table nearby; nobody paid any attention, and there was no obvious sign of security guards—despite threats to her father's life.

The next year will be an exciting and challenging time for Chile, perhaps the most exciting since 1973. It is

(Continues on page 60)

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A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO FIXING THE INF TREATY

As the Senate winds up its debate over the INF treaty, there is one great question yet to be answered: will the Senate actually deliberate on the terms of the accord, or merely turn itself into a rubber stamp? The conventional wisdom holds that senators will fold before the Reagan Administration's take-it-or-leave-it stance. Until recently, this has been a politically viable position—because the only people advocating amendments to the treaty were bent on treaticide. But that ground truth has changed in recent weeks. It has become clear that there are problems with the new agreement that even pro-treaty senators recognize may require fixing.

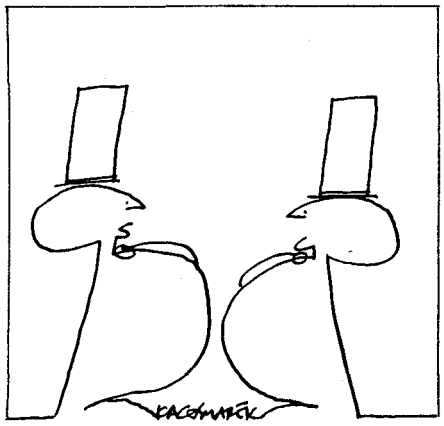
The simple fact of the matter is that, in a number of important respects, the fine print of this treaty will permit the Soviets to do things that the general provisions of the agreement are intended to preclude. If the Senate wishes to ensure that the benefits of eliminating two whole classes of nuclear missiles are realized, it had better take note of and insist upon closing the treaty's "details gap." Herewith an illustrative list:

1. *The treaty prohibits all INF missiles, but the fine print will not require the Soviets to live up to that prohibition.*

Item: The treaty prohibits production of both INF missiles and missile stages, yet the details allow the Soviets to continue to produce the largest stage of their most capable intermediate-range missile, the SS-20.

The truth of the matter is that the Soviets had a problem which we solved for them. The Soviets developed an intercontinental ballistic missile, the SS-25, from the SS-20. It has essentially the same main (or first) stage, the same production and assembly facilities, and requires a very similar launcher and similar training, maintenance, and deployment gear. Since the Soviet Union was not about to let the INF treaty affect longer-range systems like the SS-25, we agreed that the Soviets could continue to produce as many of these common SS-20/25 first stages as they wished. In exchange, they let us watch the gates of one assembly facility. The theory was that if we saw a *two-stage* SS-20 rolling out the observed gate instead of a *three-stage* SS-25, we would have a clear-cut violation on our hands.

There are lots of difficulties with this "solution," not the least of which is that it would be child's play for the Soviets to assemble elsewhere SS-20s produced at unmonitored, legal SS-25 manufacturing plants. There is also a considerable inequality involved here; for the privilege of being allowed to observe the gate at the Soviet final assembly facility, we gave the Soviets the right to observe one of our missile-rocket *production* sites—because we do not have an assembly facility for ballistic INF missiles. Our Pershing IIs are assembled at their deployment sites.



"We need risk, faith, imagination, and greed if we're going to succeed, and all we have is greed."

To remedy the imbalance, the Senate should insist upon several changes to the treaty. Perhaps the easiest would be to make approval of these arrangements in the INF treaty contingent upon an agreement to ban the SS-25 in the upcoming Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty (START). This would have the virtue not only of making the INF agreement substantially more verifiable but also of reducing the ease with which the Soviets could violate the much more militarily significant START.

Moreover, senators should require that, in exchange for letting Soviet inspectors observe our missile-production plant, we be permitted to monitor the gates at the SS-20 production facility in the Soviet Union.

Item: The treaty requires that all INF missile launchers be eliminated, but the fine print allows the Soviets to keep hundreds of their most important ones provided they are merely modified.

In one of the sillier efforts we made to accommodate Soviet demands for "equal" treatment, the United States agreed that since we intended to keep the detachable tractor part of our INF missile launchers and cut in half the trailer which carries and fires the missiles, the Soviets could keep their "tractors," too. The only problem is that the Soviet mobile INF missile launchers are not of a tractor-trailer design; theirs are unified systems with the driver's cab mounted on the main body of the missile transporter-erector-launcher. Therefore, incredible as it may seem, under this purported "zero-option"-based treaty, the Soviets will

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be allowed to maintain a modified version of their *entire mobile INF launcher inventory.*

The Senate ought to strike this foolish arrangement from the treaty; permitting legal launcher-look-alikes throughout the USSR will give rise to endless controversy and uncertainty here about whether observed launchers have been modified (per treaty stipulations) and, if so, whether the alterations have been reversed. The treaty requires that launchers be *eliminated*; the Soviets should have to do so.

Item: In order to prevent the Soviets from retaining a militarily effective, covert SS-20 force, the treaty prohibits *flight-testing* of INF missiles. The fine print, however, permits as many as one hundred missiles to be "destroyed" by launching; the testing thus performed will enhance Soviet confidence in the reliability of their missile force.

THOUGH THE Soviet Union maintained that it could not handle the logistical demands of eliminating all treaty-limited missiles within the specified time unless it was permitted to eliminate some *by firing them*, it strains credulity that the Soviets can't dispose of an additional one hundred missiles (out of a total of 1,852) in another way. The Senate should require that both sides eliminate all their missiles in the same manner that it currently requires them to destroy all but one hundred.

2. *The treaty grants us remarkable and unprecedentedly intrusive rights to monitor the elimination of all Soviet INF missile systems. The fine print, however, allows the USSR to remove from the previously exchanged accounting of their inventory as many treaty-limited systems as they wish—as long as they do it prior to thirty days after the accord enters into force.*

The Senate should require the Administration to obtain at once from the Soviet Union a pledge either to afford us *immediate* on-site monitoring rights, or to commit not to "eliminate" any systems until we enjoy such rights under a ratified treaty.

3. *The treaty bans all armed, ground-launched cruise missiles (GLCMs) capable of flying between 500 and 5,500 kilometers. The fine print, however, offers the Soviets a multitude of circumvention options. This general prohibition therefore simply denies the United States critical cruise-missile options for the conventional defense of Europe.*

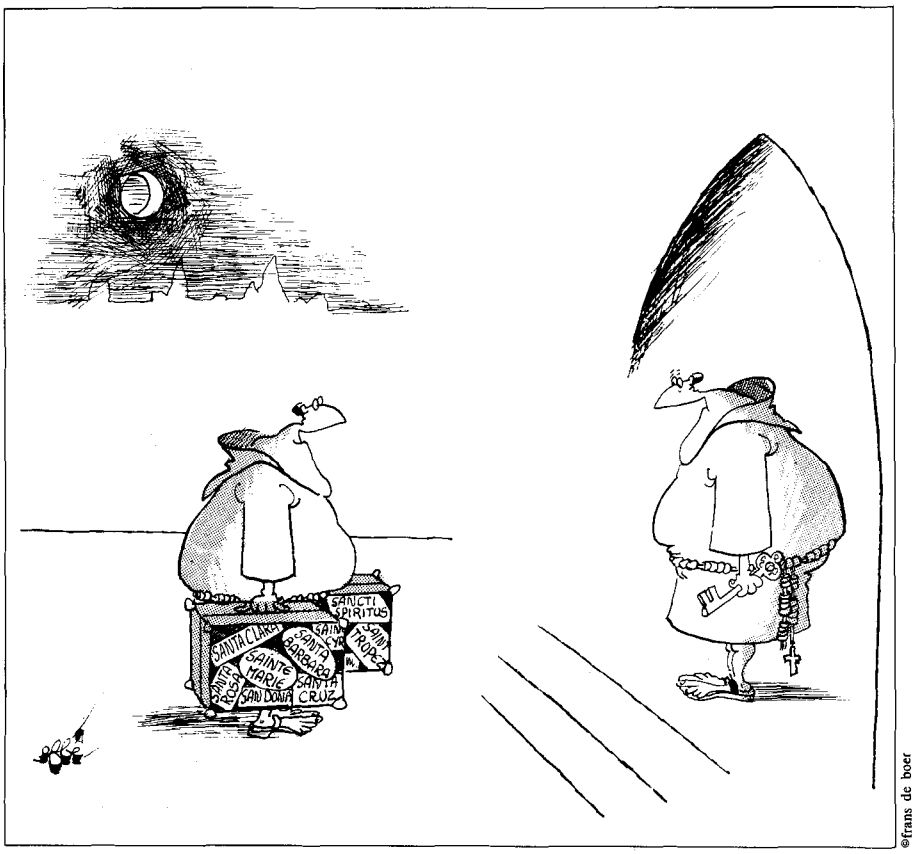
The INF treaty does not define what would constitute a different "type" of cruise missile than those presently in the Soviet inventory, nor does it establish what criteria will permit us to determine if a given cruise missile is unarmed, or that its range cannot be adjusted to fly within the prohibited ban. Consequently, the Soviets will have a field day developing systems with—at a minimum—the inherent capability to do treaty-banned functions. The treaty, meanwhile, has already begun to inhibit U.S. ground-launched cruise-missile options; manufacturers of drones and remotely piloted vehicles with a host of possible applications on the modern battlefield are beginning to find arms-control constraints impinging upon their designs and permitted performance. There is no point in denying ourselves important rights to conventionally armed cruise missiles—in a vain effort to make the treaty slightly more verifiable.

4. *The INF treaty provides unprecedented on-site inspection rights, but its details circumscribe our rights so sharply as to render them largely ineffectual.*

In the frenzied negotiating "endgame," the United States completely abandoned its position that, in addition to inspections of *declared* facilities, we must have the right to conduct short-notice, on-site visits to undeclared—or "suspect"—sites. The result was an agreement which, for all its "verification breakthroughs," actually affords us little more than the right to inspect Potemkin villages.

The Senate should insist that the INF treaty permit on-site inspections at ballistic-missile facilities that are not associated with treaty-limited systems but are suspected of concealing or supporting them. Since the Soviets have agreed, in the Joint Statement issued at the end of the Washington Summit, that they would accept procedures for suspect-site inspections in connection with START, incorporation of such procedures in the INF treaty should not prove an insurmountable task.

As these examples suggest, unless improved by the Senate, the INF treaty will almost certainly not do what it promises. None of the corrective steps recommended here should "kill" the treaty. As it considers these and other constructive proposals designed to enhance the effectiveness, equity, and verifiability of this accord, the Senate must weigh whether a treaty without these fixes is worth having. □



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TAX EXEMPTION AND THE MYXOMYCETOUS SUMP

BORIS BITTKER, writing in the *Yale Law Journal*, described the federal tax code as "a dark, miasmic, myxomycetous sump." With specific reference to tax exemption, Dean Kelley of the National Council of Churches notes that the code "affords lucrative careers to the hardy practitioners of tax law who have become adept at plumbing its murky depths and tracing its meandering bayous that to mere mortals seem so . . . obscure."

Churches, being understandably devoted to the free exercise of religion, are regularly exercised about encroachments on tax exemption. Such encroachments typically begin at the edges with unpopular groups that many are reluctant to defend. Thus the 1983 Supreme Court ruling that denied tax exemptions to Bob Jones University because its religiously motivated ban on interracial dating violated "settled public policy." The idea that tax-exempt organizations must conform to government policy has radical implications, and not just for churches.

In fact, tax exemption is not, as a purely financial question, the life-and-death matter for churches that many suppose it to be. Kelley points out that churches have relatively little "net income" that could be subject to income taxation, and they already—at their own request—pay taxes on unrelated trade and business. True, religion is by far the largest recipient of tax-deductible contributions, but these are usually in small amounts. The loss of deductibility would not hurt churches nearly so much as it would colleges, museums, hospitals, and other charities that depend upon large "pace-setting" gifts. The point is that the churches' leadership on the question of tax-exemption is not so much self-serving as it is a service rendered on behalf of myriad voluntary non-profit groups that need to be protected from the reach of government control. There is no doubt that the power to tax is the power to control. If the Constitution's "first liberty" of the free exercise of religion succumbs to the ambitions of the IRS, there is little hope for other activities less securely protected.

A great deal turns on what we think tax exemption is. There are two competing theories: the "tax expenditure" theory and the "tax base" theory. The first theory holds that a tax exemption is a subsidy granted by the government. It is, in this view, a government expenditure, and the institution benefiting from it should, to that extent, be subject to state control. Underlying that theory is the assumption that the state is entitled to tax absolutely everything. When the state refrains from taxing something, it is granting a special privilege that is tantamount to an expenditure, and the rest of society must "make up for" the taxes not paid by the exempted organization. It does not take much imagination to see the totalist, if not totalitarian, implications of this theory.

The "tax base" theory is dramatically different. It states that non-profit organizations of whatever sort are not taxed because they are not in the tax base to begin with. Boris Bittker again: "The exemption of non-profit organizations from federal income taxation is neither a special privilege nor a hidden subsidy. Rather, it reflects the application of established principles of income taxation to organizations which, unlike the typical business corporation, do not seek profit." Kelley puts it more strongly: Tax exemption "should mean that if a group of people get together to do something of mutual interest from which they derive no personal monetary gain, their joint endeavor (so long as no laws are violated) is *simply none of the government's business* unless it comes under a few specific exceptions." The details of such rare exceptions need not delay us here. Suffice it that they should constitute a supreme and overriding necessity of state interest for which no less burdensome remedy is available. Certainly the failure to conform to government policy does not justify such an exception. It is precisely the purpose of numerous non-profit voluntary organizations to change government policy. In this country it is not against the law to work to change the law—at least not yet.

AND YET the notion of tax exemption as tax subsidy continues to insinuate itself into theory and practice. In one 1983 tax-exemption case, no less a worthy than Justice Rehnquist wrote a ten-page opinion in which he uses the term "subsidy" or synonyms such as government "grants" or "largesse" 31 times. Justice Powell took a different view, urging that "the provision of tax exemption to non-profit groups is one indispensable means of limiting the influence of governmental orthodoxy on important areas of community life . . . I am unwilling to join any suggestion that the Internal Revenue Service is invested with authority to decide which public policies are sufficiently 'fundamental' to require denials of tax exemptions."

Name a cause and there is a non-profit organization promoting it. At present it does not need a government permit to exist, nor does it need to report to the government on its activities. Unless the alarm is raised, that safeguard of a free society may soon sink into the myxomycetous sump in which tax exemption is confused with tax expenditure and we are moved a little closer to living by the grace of Big Brother. □

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THE NON-INTERPRETIVE ARRANGEMENT

M. E. Bradford

A Machine That Would Go of Itself: The Constitution in American Culture, by Michael Kammen (Knopf, 533 pp., $29.95)

The Founders' Constitution, edited by Philip R. Kurland and Ralph Lerner (Chicago, 5 vols., 3,260 pp., $300)

THOUGH NOT particularly law-abiding, Americans are a people uniquely defined by their attitudes toward law. Or, more precisely, by their allegiance to a "sovereign," fundamental law, a text that prescribes the terms of their coexistence, to which, on entering upon any major public responsibility, they swear an oath of fealty as to a fatherland or prince. This derivation of national identity from a brief composition establishing certain institutions and dividing them from one another according to their scope and function makes all the more serious the bicentennial exercises of the year just concluded and the celebrations of the Constitution continuing in the months to come. Yet it became painfully obvious during the deliberations in the United States Senate, as it considered Judge Robert Bork for a seat on the Supreme Court, that Americans in general comprehend almost nothing of the basic concept of law limiting the outreach or production of law. Invariably, we confuse the struggle to carry out the promise of the Constitution—what we have agreed to do and not to do about the meaning of citizenship—with the *philosophe* dreams of justice. I mean here Justice in the purity of its detached, prepolitical abstraction. The larger lesson we should learn is that the latter may be invoked in such a way as to make the former impossible.

That we do not understand the Constitution or how it came into being has done almost nothing to restrain the American people from honoring and celebrating their inheritance in its "sacred text." Ours is a loyalty compounded and perfected in ignorance. Such a paradox is the theme of Professor Michael Kammen's *A Machine That Would Go of Itself: The Constitution in American Culture*, a study in popular political piety that, as a narrative analysis of how much and how foolishly we have valued our Constitution, has been (given the current intellectual atmosphere) understandably well received. At first, I was disposed to greet this book with enthusiasm and approval. In some sections, Kammen has done impressive work, exploring the irony of zealous incomprehension with an appropriately light touch.

These patches of light are, however, surrounded by darkness, most notably when the Cornell historian approaches issues of topical concern. In specific, my problems with Kammen's book have to do with his treatment of the making of the Constitution, and then with what he says about the politically motivated distortions of that Constitution that have occurred in the last fifty years. Kammen gives unstinting praise to the patriotic passion and process he calls "constitutionalism." That this constitutionalism is usually ill-informed or indifferent to truth about legitimacy within our bond of Union, that it is a flexible attitude, capable of adaptation to circumstantial necessities, he does not disguise. Indeed, to Kammen it is the special virtue of this consensus-making patriotism without content that its operations discourage too vigorous an inquiry into the meaning of the Constitution itself—questions of the kind he denominates "ideological," divisive, or "partisan." For, he says, when these researches go beyond adoration of the Constitution as icon, as an empty vessel to be filled with the favorite preoccupations of our era, they threaten the public peace that a purely political, melioristic view of the courts affords.

The mainspring of Kammen's argument is not surprising. He fears a historically grounded counter-revolution against judicial activism, one conducted

M. E. Bradford is a professor of English at the University of Dallas in Irving, Texas, and a contributor to NR, Chronicles, Modern Age, *and other publications.*

Henry Klingeman has written frequently for NATIONAL REVIEW. *His most recent contribution was a review of* The Tenth Justice, *by Lincoln Caplan, in the Feb. 5 issue.*

Jeffrey Meyers includes a chapter on Sylvia Plath in his most recent book, Manic Power: Robert Lowell and His Circle.

Wm. F. Rickenbacker, a long-time associate of NR, *has written frequently on music, economics, and other subjects.*

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE MARCH TITLES: In *The Suicidal Corporation: How Big Business Fails America* (Simon & Schuster, $18.95), Paul H. Weaver—formerly editor of *Fortune* and today an assistant professor at Harvard—argues that corporations that manipulate public opinion in order to secure favors from government ultimately defeat their own ends.

American Education: The Metropolitan Experience, 1876-1980 (Harper & Row, $35), by Lawrence A. Cremin, is the last volume in the now complete trilogy of which the first two are *American Education: The Colonial Experience, 1670-1783* and *American Education: The National Experience, 1783-1876.*

In *Katherine Mansfield: A Secret Life* (Knopf, $22.95), Claire Tomalin, a British biographer who enjoyed access to material unavailable to previous biographers, stresses the importance of D. H. Lawrence to the writer's work, throws new light on her lesbian relationships, and suggests that Mansfield's ill health leading to her death in 1923 from tuberculosis at the age of 34 was complicated by gonorrhea contracted in 1909.

In *Frederic Remington: The Masterworks* (Abrams, $35), by Michael Edward Shapiro and Peter H. Hassrick, 180 plates, half of them in color, present the artist's work in all its variety, including photography, paintings, and sketches, and amply demonstrate Remington's development from Realism toward Impressionism.

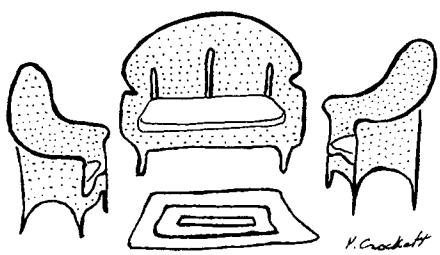
Season Ticket: A Baseball Companion (Houghton, $18.95), by Roger Angell, combines 19 of the author's *New Yorker* articles to provide a running account of highlights and developments in baseball from 1982 to 1987.

☐ COMING IN APRIL: *Letters from America* (Beaufort, $16.95), by Rupert Brooke, with a preface by Henry James, consists of a series of short letters written by the British poet (then 26 years old) for the *Westminster Gazette* to convey his observations and impressions in the course of a year's trip through Canada, the United States, and the South Pacific. These letters, which were published posthumously in London (with a glowing preface by James) in 1916, are reprinted here for the first time in 72 years. —CW

in the Congress, on the hustings, and with support from an Administration. In brief, Kammen is disturbed by the possibility that judicial review might cease to be so important a part of the future constitutional development of the Republic. His book is an apology for the way things stood, with respect to the law, in 1980. Moreover, it is a calculated impediment to what a generation of vigorous, well-informed Americans are determined to achieve through their insistence on interpretivist jurisprudence: to re-establish among us the rule of law.

BY REASON of size and scope, if for no other, *The Founders' Constitution* (3,260 pages in five volumes) represents a formidable achievement. Because of the design of the edition and the thoroughness with which it has been organized by theme and pattern of editorial commentary, there is much to praise in this massive assertion of the bicentennial spirit. Despite its extraordinary range, the difficulty with the set is that it works outward from a premise that denies the logic of its own existence. Professors Kurland and Lerner are distinguished scholars. Their lives testify to the importance of the subjects they have treated. Yet they predicate their enterprise on a declaration that "if the Constitution is to be a viable instrument of governance [in our time], then it must (as it has to a great degree) cut itself free from its eighteenth-century moorings. The thought of the Founders, even to the extent it is discoverable, may be curious, even at times amusing or maddening, but it cannot be binding." Add to this astonishing chop-logic the doctrine that we need not worry about the Framers' intentions since the Philadelphia Convention had to "trick and barter, compromise and fudge" in order to produce any kind of political instrument, and we are left with very little reason for the erudition of Kurland and Lerner.

Or perhaps the issue is simpler than I have made it, in that the two Chicago professors can agree upon no principle of authority in constitutional interpretation outside of their own ingenuity. They disparage the idea of consensual or corporate intention. Furthermore, they declare unabashedly that the presumption of past as prescript is unacceptable, saying "even were a coherent political argument to be discovered [in the teaching of our political forefathers], what great weight would it have?" Coming as it does from a group of early Americans "some of whose members could still recall agitation over the Stuart Pretender," how can our original Constitution have bearing on "the fears and hopes of a generation preoccupied with ICBMs and entitlement programs?"



Thus Kurland and Lerner, like Kammen, labor to ratify the non-interpretivist arrangement of things that has been under pressure since 1980, to shore up the views of the current legal establishment. To pay too little attention to the Great Convention, the "complex politics of ratification," and those components of the English Whig inheritance coming down from Bracton, Fortescue, and the Inns of Court is to forfeit the heritage that made Americans, even during colonial times, a nation devoted to limited government.

All of this Kurland and Lerner perform with conscious intent. Clearly, they have forgotten Madison's maxim that "if the sense in which the Constitution was accepted and ratified by the Nation . . . be not the guide in expounding it, there can be no security for . . . a faithful exercise of its powers." How we read the old record, how we understand the danger of power joined to zeal, even as it was in the seventeenth century, or the claim, made by Cromwell or more recent villains, that sovereign law can be replaced by reason of transcendent causes *does* make a difference.

Kammen, Kurland, and Lerner are not, of course, the worst of their school. Even so, it is a pernicious practice to maintain that their countrymen have no right to recover an inheritance in the original Constitution because distortions of that compact have been going on for years, have acquired authority by repetition, and therefore cannot be reversed. To leave the law on these grounds in the hands of its natural enemies is like allowing a thief with his stolen property in hand to plead right of possession against the owner. If we are to have a rule of law, then we must have a Constitution as written, ratified, and amended, neither more nor less. ☐

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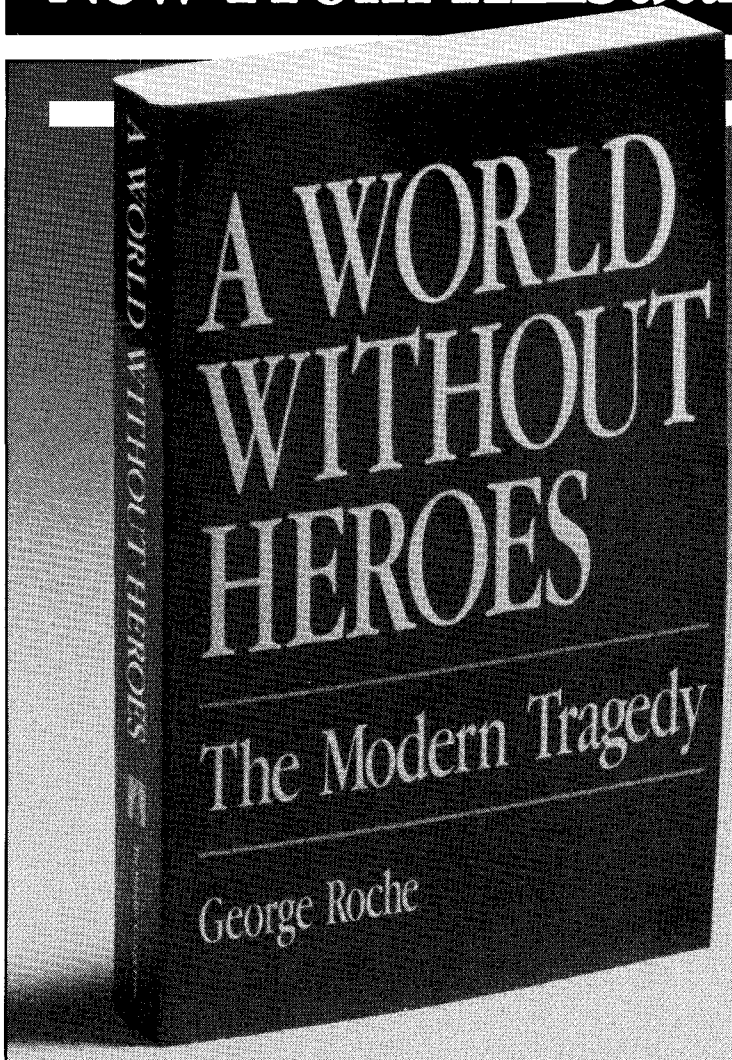

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A LOT TO FEEL TREACHEROUS ABOUT

Joseph Sobran

Corruptions of Empire: Life Studies and the Reagan Era, by Alexander Cockburn (Verso, 479 pp., $22.95)

In 1973 Alexander Cockburn arrived in this country from London to embark on a career of denouncing capitalists and frolicking with heiresses. He has been a brilliant success as both socialist and socialite, exploiting the contradictions of capitalism so adroitly that he got himself a regular column in the *Wall Street Journal*, besides the one he writes for *The Nation*.

He's a skillful polemicist, all right. He reminds me of a lawyer the *Journal* reported on a few years ago, who had never failed to clear a client on a drunk-driving rap—nearly always on such technicalities as that the nurse who administered the breath test did so a few hours after her nursing license had expired. That's Cockburn: he always finds a way to get the Soviet bloc off the hook.

"Obviously, it's not to the Russians' credit that they shot 007 down. On the other hand . . ."

"The Russians are confident enough to call for a conference on human rights in Moscow this year. They have got a lot of explaining to do, no doubt about it. But so has the U.S., . . ." (And we're off, with a long list of economic "rights.")

"Did we find in those long years [of Somoza's rule] that passionate concern which now so animates opinion in the United States about social, political, and human rights in Nicaragua?"

Corruptions of Empire (*our* empire, that is) is a collection of Cockburn's columns and articles from the Reagan years, and even his admirers will agree that 479 pages of Cockburn is a lot. Since most of these pieces are highly topical, they're too dated to read consecutively; an index would have helped. When he's fun, he's fun in the way gossip is. He has a knack for embarrassing people, by fair means or foul, but preferably foul. A little of that goes a long way, though, and he rarely offers an insight that stays with you.

That's because his whole way of looking at the world is basically jejune —what Raymond Aron called "Marxist vulgate." Once in a while he stops sneering to speak with apparent sincerity, and affirms that "the Cuban revolution remains a triumph on the level of the most elementary human justice": illiteracy is down, and so forth.

The key to Cockburn's method is a calculated audacity. He never quite goes so far as to say that Communism as such is good; he ignores the existence of Communism as such, and splinters the Communist world into discrete elements: "Russians," "Cubans," "progressives." (But "fascism" —as in Chile—still has a generic reality.)

Looking back over Cockburn's columns of the early Eighties, you find that he was saying things (about Nicaragua, for example) that have since become commonplace for congressional Democrats. He has a Leninist grasp of "progressive" logic: he knows whither liberals are tending before they do, and he can scorch them for deviating from their destined course. He throws some of his sharpest darts at liberal politicians, pundits, and newspapers (his favorite target is the *New York Times*) for lacking the courage of their own "progressive" norms. His role is to keep shepherding liberal opinion further leftward. His work is dated partly because it succeeded. He serves as a sort of conscience of liberalism not because he has any particular conscience himself, but because he knows how to use progressive rhetoric like a beadle's whip. Liberals are defenseless against him; so is Ronald Reagan, when he frames his case in progressive terms.

And those are what Richard Weaver called the "uncontested" terms of contemporary rhetoric. Cockburn seems bold and rude because he recognizes no traditional norms of discourse as authoritative: he holds everyone to implicitly Communist rules of conduct. It works. It has made him a star, of sorts. I know earnest men who stay poor defending capitalism; Cockburn thrives by attacking capitalism in the *Journal*, where he propagates the myth of capitalist repression.

He knows the West can easily be put on the defensive, though he ruminates quaintly on "why the British are always so peculiarly astounded by what they care to call treachery." Really? Does anyone in the free world call *anything* treachery any more? I'd say our immune system is in bad shape, this book being evidence of that.

Nevertheless, with the Left's bogus self-pity, he recalls how his father was persecuted (well, snubbed, anyway) as a Red even after he left the Communist Party (without having announced his departure). The Nazis, he says, even marked the elder Cockburn for death. Damned ungrateful of them, I'd say, since he presumably supported the Soviet-Nazi alliance: he didn't leave the Party, according to his son, until 1947.

And why was old Cockburn a Communist? Well, in the Thirties "there was a lot to feel treacherous about." That line bears meditating on. □

GOOD COUNTRY PEOPLE

Henry Klingeman

The Doles: Unlimited Partners, by Bob and Elizabeth Dole (Simon & Schuster, 287 pp., $19.95)

Once upon a time, books by politicians or books about politicians written by their flacks meant something. John Kennedy, for example, used *Profiles in Courage* to counter his image as a suave lightweight. Barry Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative* gave Americans a readable introduction to modern conservative thought. Other examples of the genre, most of them campaign autobiographies, have served to introduce the press and voters to a candidate's background and career.

During the 1988 campaign, however, the public has come to want something different. A newspaper camped outside Gary Hart's bedroom window to find out just what kind of "loner" he really was. When a respected senator like Joe Biden made the unremarkable assertion that he had graduated ffom law school with honors, the press checked it out.

If the public wants a new *Profiles in Courage*, or another Donna Rice, they won't find it in Bob and Elizabeth Dole's *Unlimited Partners*. As far as you can tell from this campaign autobiography, the most colorful thing about Bob Dole is that he wants to be the second divorced President of the

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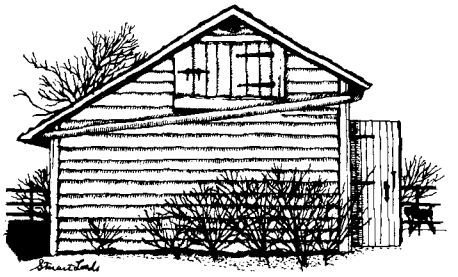
United States. *Unlimited Partners* woodenly documents the Doles' careers with occasional and brief digressions into religion (Elizabeth) and political philosophy (Bob). The sincerity of their reflections cannot be doubted. As thinkers and prose stylists, though, the Doles are far from provocative. The senator explains that his conservatism is "a creed of opportunity, rooted in the ability of seemingly ordinary people to achieve extraordinary things." It's nice, meaningless, and pure Dole.

The theme of the second half of the book is Senator Dole's leadership as chairman of the Finance Committee and as Senate Majority Leader. He shepherded budget cuts, tax cuts, tax increases, Contra aid, more tax increases, and Social Security reform through the labyrinthian legislative process. Leadership is also the theme of his campaign. Presidential success, however, requires more than just an ability to cajole or maneuver Congress. Lyndon Johnson was as dexterous a leader as Dole is, but his Presidency was destroyed when members of Congress from his own party deserted him. And Johnson's principal accomplishments—passage of the Civil Rights and Voting Rights Acts—were products not merely of leadership but of vision. Bob Dole, the champion of such vague principles as opportunity, cooperation, and equality, can hardly be called a visionary.

What the Doles lack in imagination, they try to make up for with homey truisms like "Whoever said you can't go home again didn't know Russell, Kansas." Russell is Bob's hometown, and he reminds us that in the *Wizard of Oz*, "what people tend to forget is that Dorothy spent the rest of the movie trying to get back to Kansas." What Dole tends to forget is that he has spent most of his life trying to stay in Washington, D.C., as a congressman, senator, Republican National Committee chairman, vice presidential candidate, and now twice a presidential candidate.

Elizabeth Dole, who recalls her childhood in Salisbury, North Carolina, with equal fondness, has followed a similar career path. She came from a more privileged background than her husband; she was Delta Delta Delta at Duke and then one of a handful of women to graduate from Harvard Law School in the mid 1960s. Since Harvard she has moved from one job



in the Federal Government to another: from bureaucrat at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, to public defender, to consumer bureaucrat for the Johnson and Nixon Administrations, to member of the Federal Trade Commission under Ford and Carter, to director of the Office of Public Liaison, and finally Secretary of Transportation, the last two positions under Reagan.

Secretary Dole is particularly interested in the advancement of women. Again and again she notes that many of the positions she has held had previously been filled only by men. Mrs. Dole says she has challenged "the sexual stereotyping that begins at birth, when a pink blanket is used to identify a girl and simultaneously limit the range of opportunities open to her when she grows up." Like her husband's endorsement of racial equality, Dole's cheerleading feminism is diluted and increasingly irrelevant.

However attractive her résumé, Elizabeth Dole is not a conservative. She has worked for every President, Republican or Democratic, since 1964, in positions far from the political firing line. Bob Dole does have a conservative record, but his eager pragmatism has prevented him from taking the lead on many key issues. Dole's vaunted leadership was no more effective than Howard Baker's, for example, in the struggle over the Bork nomination. The hallmark of Dole's devotion to public service is "fiscal responsibility," concern about the budget deficit. He rejects supply-side economics, which he contemptuously characterizes as a "magic formula that would give us lower taxes, all the benefits voters clamor for, and every weapons system on the military's wish list." And he rejects spending cuts on the ground that in the past such proposals "touched off a public outcry."

If Senator Dole is as nasty as he is sometimes reputed to be or if Elizabeth Dole is as ambitious as she is

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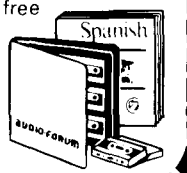

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sometimes reputed to be, it doesn't come across in this autobiography. *Unlimited Partners* is a nice story by nice people who would be nice neighbors, whether you lived on the unfashionable North Side of Russell, Kansas, on South Fulton Street in Salisbury, North Carolina, or at the posh Watergate in Washington. Pennsylvania Avenue is another story. □

VIRUS TIME

Jeffrey Hart

White Shroud: Poems, 1980-1985, by Allen Ginsberg (Harper & Row, 89 pp., $8.95)

ALLEN GINSBERG is an interesting poet, in spite of himself, and with at least one great poem, *Kaddish*, he has earned himself a permanent place in American letters. I say "in spite of himself," for he has absorbed without redeeming irony the idea of the poet as "other"—anti-bourgeois, criminal, sexually deviant, traitorous. But these "outrageous" guises become so predictable that they turn into clichés. If only Ginsberg would understand that what would be *really* outrageous would be to wear a Brooks Brothers suit.

In person, Ginsberg is almost humorless. He is also surprisingly nice and very well-informed about poetry. His "long line," as he calls it, comes not from Walt Whitman, as is routinely assumed, but from the eighteenth-century mad poet Kit Smart. There are few people alive today more interesting to talk with than Ginsberg about metrics and the English language.

Ginsberg has made so sustained an attempt to be outrageous that it is remarkable that he is still alive—or, perhaps not so remarkable. In the main, he has practiced a safe, "legitimate" outrageousness, nothing so venturesome as the outrageousness of James Gould Cozzens. Still, Ginsberg has pushed along, trying to *épater* the bourgeois. At Columbia during World War II, Ginsberg had Jack Kerouac, against the rules, living in his dorm room. The window panes were so filthy Ginsberg could write on them. Writing backwards, so that his words could be read from down in the quadrangle, he inscribed in the dust "F---the Jews." Wheeeeee. The then dean, Nicholas MacKnight, a decorous late-Victorian liberal gentleman, called in Lionel Trilling. Ginsberg had really "done it" this time. MacKnight couldn't bring himself to utter the ghastly, impious words; and passed them scribbled on a slip of paper to Trilling. Trilling had to choke back a laugh at the situation. The crafty Ginsberg had figured out a way to really *offend* a "tolerant" culture.

Then there were other matters, like burglaries, the narcotics crowd around William Burroughs, and a murder, under murky circumstances, in Riverside Park. Kerouac, a conservative and a patriot, had quit the Columbia football team and enlisted in the Navy, the Marines, and the Merchant Marine, too drunk to keep track of the papers he was signing.

As a poet, Allen Ginsberg did an immensely liberating thing during the later 1950s. He stepped aside from high modernism, and went ahead and wrote.

Now you have to realize the situation. Everyone was in awe of Eliot, Joyce, Proust, Mann, Yeats, Gide. These giants were so intellectually imposing that, well, if *that* was writing, forget it: no one could be that learned, that accomplished. Ginsberg proved that a literature was possible that did not require a handbook or a skeleton key. He also reached for a different range of material and emotion: madness, drugs, homosexuality, Communism, violence, love.

It must be frustrating to him to have become, now, relatively respectable. His early, and probably best, work was published by City Lights Books in San Francisco, an underground press. Now he's become virtually a Man of Letters, published in collected edition by Harper & Row, than which no publishing house is more respectable. His early poem *Howl* has even been brought out in an expensive, heavily annotated edition. All that remains is to elect Ginsberg to the British Academy and give him the Nobel Peace Prize.

Which brings us to the present volume, *White Shroud*. I surmise that the title refers to AIDS, though it may well have broader application, for the poems often deal with what is now politely called high-risk behavior. If we take this material as autobiographical, it is remarkable that Mr. Ginsberg remains apparently healthy, except for a bit of high blood pressure. Perhaps he should leave his body to science for study.

It should be added that Ginsberg is one of the great platform entertainers of our day, right up there with Mark Twain. He recites his poetry, he plays a weird musical instrument and sings, and he can mesmerize an audience by just going "Ommmm . . . Ommmm . . . Ommmm." Think what you like of him, he's a work of art.

The principal defect of his sensibility remains his fundamental humorlessness. He does not realize that homosexuality is, among other things, *funny*. The great homosexuals, like Alcibiades and Oscar Wilde, realized that they were really clowns. "It would be more interesting," said Wilde of Niagara Falls, "if it flowed upward." "You would have to have a heart of stone to read of the death of Little Nell without laughing." A lobster on a leash. Stable boys. A green carnation. Hilarious. Allen Ginsberg has the technical skill and, especially, the material to be a great comic poet, but he doesn't realize it. □

WRECKAGE

Jeffrey Meyers

Sylvia Plath: A Biography, by Linda Wagner-Martin (Simon & Schuster, 282 pp., $18.95)

THERE IS a desperate need for a good biography of Sylvia Plath. Plath's *Letters Home* (1975), edited by her mother, Aurelia, present an idealized view of her life; the first biography, by Edward Butscher (1977), is thoroughly inadequate; her *Journals* (1982), edited by Frances McCullough, are heavily censored; and her husband, Ted Hughes, has suppressed or destroyed many of her other works. Hughes, who controls Miss Plath's literary estate, has also used his power to censor works about her; his version of their marriage has never been told. Feminists, who have virtually accused Hughes of murdering Miss Plath, have translated her into a martyr.

Miss Wagner-Martin's life does nothing to improve this situation. She has done extensive research at Smith College and Indiana University but—de-

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nied access to Hughes and to Plath's psychiatric records—has made no significant discoveries. Her competent but pedestrian book is filled with clichés and trivial details, has a sinking style, is more descriptive than interpretive, lacks a dramatic sense, and is imperceptive about Miss Plath's poetry and fiction. The book transforms a fascinating life into a dull one and remakes a tragedy into a soap opera.

Miss Wagner-Martin has also recycled a number of myths. Plath's father, Otto, was born in 1885 in a town between Hamburg and Berlin—not in the Polish Corridor, which was created in 1919. Northwestern College, which he attended, was in Minneapolis—not in Watertown, Wisconsin. Greenwood could not possibly be the maiden name of Miss Plath's maternal grandmother, who was Austrian. Miss Wagner-Martin does not give the date of Otto Plath's first (1915) or second marriage (January 4, 1932), or mention that Yeats was only a small child when he lived in the house that Miss Plath later rented. And she does not see that Miss Plath's revealing poem about her father's death, "Electra on Azalea Path," is really about Sylvia on Aurelia Plath.

The main events of Miss Plath's life—described in her brilliant novel, *The Bell Jar* (which was rejected by Knopf and Harper & Row and still sells 100,000 copies a year in the U.S.)—are well known. The daughter of a German entomology professor, who died when she was eight, and an Austro-American mother, who moved from Catholicism through Methodism to Unitarianism, Miss Plath grew up in suburban Boston. She was a first-rate student, won a scholarship to Smith (where she had a number of distinguished teachers), and, after her junior year, was chosen for the College Board of *Mademoiselle.* Despite her considerable achievements, she became severely depressed and, after disastrous shock treatments, tried to kill herself. She was successfully treated at McLean Hospital and took a therapeutic series of lovers (she compared one of them to "a small bug crawling on me" and claimed another had raped her). She returned to Smith, won a Fulbright to Cambridge University, and fell in love with a handsome poet, Ted Hughes. She married him, spent her honeymoon in Spain, taught at Smith, was invited to the writers' colony Yaddo, and returned to live in London and Devon. Her marriage broke up after Hughes's adultery, and she retaliated by burning his papers. After moving back to a fierce winter in London and writing, in a single month, most of the poems in her best book, *Ariel* (1966), she gassed herself.

This biography, which suffers from intellectual poverty, misses nearly every opportunity to illuminate Miss Plath's life. Miss Wagner-Martin solemnly maintains that "the Plaths believed in a natural, healthy existence for their daughter" (did any sane parents ever want an unnatural, unhealthy existence for their children?). She says that Otto's death "made Sylvia heavily dependent on her mother." She dutifully plods with her through the seventh and then the eighth and then the ninth grades. She explains Miss Plath's lifelong habit of hiding unpleasant truths from her mother by stating: "Like a child, Sylvia seemed to believe that pretending would make any situation improve." Instead of probing the nature of Miss Plath's college friendships, she states that "they talked nonstop, giggled, accepted each other's personalities and loved them."

Miss Wagner-Martin does not mention any of the negative criticism of Miss Plath's poetry by George Steiner, Irving Howe, and James Dickey, nor does she comment on the fact that Miss Plath almost always published in middle-brow journals rather than in the more intellectually demanding little magazines. She portrays Miss Plath as downtrodden and oppressed, but does not recognize that if Miss Plath wanted to write and become famous, she should not have had children; if she wanted children, she should not have complained about the time they took from her writing. Though Hughes betrayed her and ruined her life, he also hurt her into the greatest poetry she ever wrote.

Despite Miss Wagner-Martin's book, all the major aspects of Miss Plath's life remain unexplored: her father's background and character; her parents' marriage; the effect of Otto's death on his daughter; her troubled relations

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with her mother; the radical problems of her childhood; her adult friendships; her connections with other poets; Hughes's parents, background, and character; the failure of Miss Plath's marriage; Hughes's affair with Assia Wevill (who later killed herself and her child by Hughes); the pattern of Miss Plath's suicide attempts; and the factors that led her—with two small children, and at the height of her poetic powers—to take her own life. □

FILM

THE BURDEN OF LIGHTNESS

John Simon

IT TAKES an unappetizing mixture of arrogance and folly to make a film out of Milan Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, a book about as suited for cinematic treatment as, say, Sartre's *Words*. What the director, Philip Kaufman, and his co-scenarist, the ubiquitous Jean-Claude Carrière, have contrived is, you might say, the movie version of the jacket copy. Kundera's later novels, this and the even more astounding *Book of Laughter and Forgetting*, have built-in booby traps for adapters. First, they emerge from an authorial monologue in which the plot and characters are treated as conveniences, mere pretexts for political speculations, existential philosophizing, epigrams, and games. Next, they are relentlessly elitist, literary, intellectual—presupposing a tidy packet of culture and sophistication from the reader. Lastly, their mode is ironic, making uncompromising fun of life and the people trying to master it with ideologies, beliefs, religions, and hopes. These books are calculated to ruffle every standard feather, to rub the conventional fur mercilessly wrong.

Any novel that abounds in poetic and witty descriptions should automatically be taboo to filmmakers, but *Lightness* goes way beyond that. Its main characters are not really Tomas, a middle-aged Czech brain surgeon and womanizer, Tereza, his guilelessly clinging and unsuccessfully undemanding wife, and Sabina, his off-and-on mistress—an experimental painter, experimental lover, and embodiment of assorted freedoms. The principals, in fact, are the absurdity of life, the ironies it pulls on us that can be met (and then only partially) with nothing but ironic detachment, and the kitsch that, however fastidiously avoided, lies in wait for us everywhere.

Essentially, then, we are charmingly inveigled into a dialogue with a writer who, frequently talking in the first person, keeps reminding us that his fiction is a kind of probe, and inviting us to join in his racy ontological investigation. To take a few handfuls of plot elements and dialogue from the book, add one's own narrative strokes, and turn the whole thing into a linearly forward-thrusting typical movie is as alien, indeed antithetical, to Kundera's purpose and spirit as would be transferring it all to the court of Heliogabalus or Caligula.

The author's main point is that life is "an unbearable lightness" in both the good and the bad sense, largely because those very terms are too relative to have much meaning. Out of our good intentions come disasters; out of our attempts at righteous retaliation comes, generally, nothing. This is the unbearable irony of life. Out of our attempts to rise above contingency, to float above vulgar causality, comes sticky, inextricable involvement. Our lightness turns into heaviness, our refined superiority into kitsch. And there is no assigning value to any of our actions, because life affords us only the one chance of doing them *this* way, leaving no basis for comparison with any other way.

Such an ironic view of life comes naturally to Kundera, a Czech exile, who was first stripped of his passport, then of his past works and the right to publish future ones, and, finally, of his very identity, being declared a nonperson. So life, for the contemplative mind, becomes unbearably ironic, unreal, "light"—a joke (*The Joke* is the title of one of Kundera's novels). But this airiness, insubstantiality, lightheadedness may be preferable to any attempt to make life heavy and regimented, the ballast totalitarian regimes foist on it. And out of a novel-essay-treatise that keeps going off on meditative tangents and revels in aphoristic asides, Kaufman and Carrière have made a three-hour film that is all political incident, sexual titillation, and sentimental gesturing—all beginning, middle, and end.

Well, they do make a few concessions to Kundera's concept and strategy, and that's where they come most to grief. Thus in the middle of their lovemaking, Sabina, the free spirit, tells Tomas, the Don Juan, "You are the complete opposite of kitsch," and it's left at that; whereas in the book the notion of kitsch is omnipresent and ceaselessly assayed. Again, Tereza, a photographer, takes risky snapshots of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, and later, in exile, submits these to a Swiss magazine editor, who turns them down as *passé*. At the same time, he praises shots by a staff photographer of a nudist beach, which, he concedes, are something totally different. "Not at all," says Tereza. "They're the same." "Even I find it difficult to explain what she had in mind," remarks the "I" of the novel, but proceeds to show how the nudist pictures reminded Tereza of her mother who used to run around naked with the shades up, causing her daughter intense embarrassment. That is part of a troubling parallel.

But there is also Tereza's recurring dream of Tomas in a basket suspended above a swimming pool round which he forces Tereza and other naked women to do kneebends while singing. At the merest slip, a woman is shot dead by Tomas's pistol, her body left floating in the pool. This ties in with Tereza's mother not allowing the girl privacy on the toilet by locking the door. In the film, the mother does not figure, and the dream is merely a fantasy in which Tomas gives some naked women suggestive diving lessons. Thus it does not connect with the nudist pictures and those of the enslavement of Czechoslovakia, but becomes pointless, and does not convey the chain of absurdism that encircles and binds the world.

Yet the film fails even in areas where it could easily equal or surpass the book, e.g., in the death from cancer of Tomas and Tereza's beloved dog, Karenin. Because Tereza was reading Tolstoi's novel when they met, Tomas, who claims to see a resemblance, names the pooch he gives Tereza Karenin, even though it is a female. Much later, when the pair live as

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agricultural laborers in a village, Tomas, no longer allowed to practice human medicine, administers a lethal injection to the suffering Karenin, who, ironically, seems to be smiling. Passages of exquisite melancholy in the novel, serving also to point up the dynamics of Tomas and Tereza's relationship, remain wholly unmoving in the film, partly because of inattention to certain telling details.

Typical of the movie is that it spends much time on the entry of the Russian tanks into Prague, which gives it a chance to display its technical prowess in seamlessly inserting Tereza and Tomas into documentary footage of the invasion. But Kundera scores precisely by downplaying the big historic events, and letting the horror sneak up on us in a sardonic remark here, a grotesque anecdote there. If Kaufman had to make a movie out of Kundera, why not *Farewell Party*, a much lesser work, but a straightforwardly narrative one with a rattling good story? In *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, he does not even mention the eponymous trope, which suffuses the entire book, more than twice, the second time in an obvious, heavily underscored ending quite different from Kundera's oblique dying fall.

And, apropos dying, Kundera announces the accidental death of Tomas and Tereza midway through the book, whereas in the film we learn of it only in the penultimate scene—another irony gone. And the particularly emblematic death of Franz, one of Sabina's lovers, which is the subject of a long, characteristic digression that, nevertheless, subtly reinforces the motifs of irony and kitsch, is cut altogether. But, finally, the absence of the authorial "I"—the *compère*, cicerone, and conscience of the book, the Vergil of this tragicomic Inferno—is what most causes the sinking of the film into what, in an access of benevolence, I shall call mediocrity.

There is a problem with the casting, too. Lena Olin is a splendid Sabina, unself-conscious yet never brazen in her diverse erotic scenes, but her Swedish accent is no more Czech than Juliette Binoche's half-French, half- (by mistake) Polish one, or Daniel Day-Lewis's almost totally British one. Even so, Miss Binoche is exactly right as Tereza, not just endearingly vulnerable, but also conveying the toll vulnerability, innocence, childlike faith can exact from the most confirmed Casanova. Just as Miss Olin is beautiful and slinky, Miss Binoche is pretty and bouncy, and the scene in which the two photograph each other in the nude, along with one where the talented Polish actor Daniel Olbrychski does a government official attempting to brainwash Tomas, are the nearest in spirit to Kundera and, not coincidentally, the best.

As Tomas, Day-Lewis is more than competent but too Anglo-Saxon and young. It is the middle-agedness of Tomas that gives his philandering its philosophical underpinnings (brilliantly set forth in the book and cut from the film), its bittersweet authority, and, when ultimately sacrificed for Tereza, its pathos. The actor's youthfulness puts a different complexion on this promiscuity, deprives it of its comic poignancy. There are also charming performances by two pigs, as the young and grown-up pet porker Mephisto, almost good enough to turn me off pork. But the movie, despite lovingly insinuating cinematography by Sven Nykvist and some stunning Janáček chamber music on the soundtrack, comes rather closer to putting me off art movies by American directors. □

TELEVISION

DARE TO BE POMPOUS

Terry Teachout

Joseph Wood Krutch once called the detective story "the one clearly defined modern genre of prose fiction impeccably classical in form." Much the same might be said of the situation comedy. The rules of the game were established early on with *The Honeymooners* and *I Love Lucy*, the two shows in which the familiar sitcom formula was first polished to a high commercial gloss. Each episode, which dealt with a single situation in the life of a small group of repeating characters, was filmed in front of a studio audience whose laughter was heard on the soundtrack. The broadcasts ran for thirty minutes and often made modest nods in the direction of the unities. Nearly four decades later, these simple but durable conventions continue to dominate TV comedy.

If the form works, why tamper with it? The question is raised by the recent debut of four half-hour comedies that deviate in varying degrees from the classic sitcom recipe. Television critics have hailed them as daring and innovative, which is almost always a sure cue for a quick snooze. But ABC's *Hooperman* and *The "Slap" Maxwell Story*, CBS's *Frank's Place*, and NBC's *The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd* really are different. None of them is filmed in front of an audience. None uses a laugh track. None is written in the customary boff-a-minute sitcom style. Hence the ugly new term "dramedies" currently being used to describe them.

Whether or not these shows are *better* than old-fashioned sitcoms is, of course, another can of film altogether. *Hooperman*, the only one that has made anything like a splash in the ratings, is by far the worst of the lot. Producer Steven Bochco, the creator of *Hill Street Blues* and *L.A. Law*, seems to have decided to see what it would be like if he took a basketful of old *Hill Street* scripts, cut them in half, threw in some trendy jokes, and knocked off all the rough edges. The

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results are heavy on liberal sensitivity, light on the black humor that gave *Hill Street* its distinctive bite. John Ritter, the talented leading man of *Three's Company*, does what he can with the material, but he's fighting an uphill battle.

The sitcom ancestors of *Hooperman* are *All in the Family* and *M*A*S*H*, two painfully earnest shows that tried to fuse minority-of-the-week uplift with slapstick, and that are now so dated as to be virtually unwatchable. Similarly, *Frank's Place* is the obvious offspring of an earlier show, Hugh Wilson's *WKRP in Cincinnati*, one of the most fondly remembered sitcoms of recent years. Tim Reid, who played Venus Flytrap on *WKRP*, stars as an uptight black professor from Boston who, through the implausibly elaborate workings of coincidence, has become the proprietor of a raffish New Orleans restaurant. The cast is impeccably right, and the local color is daubed in gracefully. From the use of Louis Armstrong's "Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans" under the opening credits to the stylish cinematography, something you rarely see in a sitcom of any description, Hugh Wilson has come up with a surprisingly classy piece of work.

For all its undeniable charm, *Frank's Place* isn't particularly innovative. We've seen most of these twists before in earlier workplace sitcoms like *WKRP* and *Barney Miller*. It's Jay Tarses, co-creator of the short-lived *Buffalo Bill*, one of the few genuinely eccentric sitcoms in the history of TV, who's the odd man out in this group. Though his *Days and Nights of Molly Dodd*, an amusing dramedy about a winsome New York yuppie who feels time's winged chariot moving in for the kill, is quite conventional in its approach, *The "Slap" Maxwell Story* manages to pull away from the sitcom formula with considerable regularity, if not with consistent success.

"Slap" Maxwell is a broken-down sportswriter at a money-losing newspaper who is engaged in a bumpy, unlikely affair with a sexy young colleague at least a couple of decades his junior. The scripts are full of rapid-fire screwball wisecracking. Megan Gallagher and Dabney Coleman are the most pleasingly offbeat romantic couple on TV since Dave and Maddie. Unfortunately, the tone of the show oscillates between sharp parody and maudlin tear-jerking. You're never quite sure where you stand with *The "Slap" Maxwell Story*. Sometimes you feel that Tarses is being unpredictable in a genuinely creative way. More often, though, you aren't sure what the show is trying to say, and the resulting ambiguities seem accidental rather than calculated.

The score on dramedies so far is one flop, one good try, one uneven but ingenious effort, and one unadventurous but charming success. Not a bad average for network television. But a twist of the dial will bring into your living room two comedies that are infinitely more daring than any of the Big Three's higher-priced efforts. Fox Broadcasting Company's *The Tracey Ullman Show* is the first successful half-hour sketch series since the days of Jack Benny, and the funniest sketch series of any length since the days of Carol Burnett. The scripts come and go, but *The Tracey Ullman Show* consistently takes risks of a kind no network sitcom is capable of even considering. And Showtime's *It's Garry Shandling's Show*, which spoofs the conventions of situation comedy with a droll, dry wit that makes *Moonlighting* look like *Leave It to Beaver*, stands second only to *Late Night with David Letterman* in hipness.

The moral? When young and hungry comic entrepreneurs take real chances, exciting things can happen, even in prime time. But when the Big Three deviate so much as a millimeter from the classic (and, lest we forget, artistically valid) sitcom formulas, they usually wind up daring to be safe—or pompous. □

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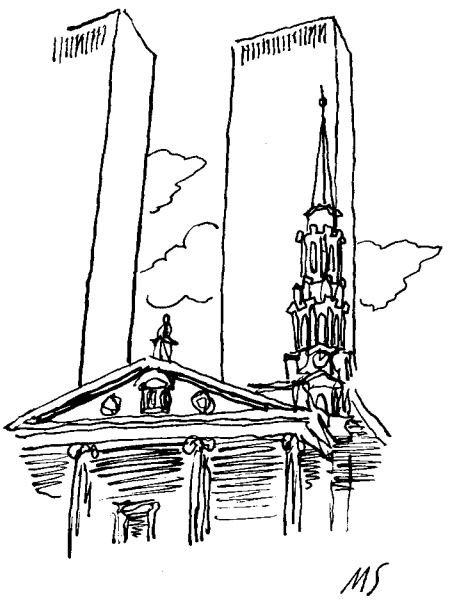

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 8: The organ loft in St. Paul's Cathedral is more crowded than usual this evening, for this is not just one more in the celebrated series of recitals. We are celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary, to the day, of the dedication of the glorious Beckerath organ, and some thirty members of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra (violins, violas, cellos, basses, oboes, timpani), under the direction of Michael Lankester, are here to add to the joyous uproar. The organist is Guy Bovet, from Geneva, one of the precious few who unite virtuosity with artistry; he is a prolific composer and a renowned hand at free improvisation.

I'm standing next to the console in a good position to study Guy's pedal technique. Looking across the violins, I see a rather short and wiry man standing by the timpani. Because of him we are all here. Last spring he decided to commission these players to come to this birthday party. He didn't know where the money would come from. "Bill, we'll just pray," he wrote me. He is Paul Koch, music director and choirmaster at St. Paul's since 1949. And my friend and music master since 1939.

The Beckerath, too, owes much of its being to Paul Koch. The Cathedral's previous instrument, built in 1898, had worn out. Paul proposed that the cathedral commission Rudolf von Beckerath of Hamburg to build the new organ.

Not everyone may be fascinated with the details of organ design, but I'll mention a few items to give you a feeling for this now world-famous instrument. The metal pipes are solid tin, of extra thickness for brilliance and firmness of tone. No European wood can stand the climate of our northern states; so the lumber for the wind chests was selected in America and shipped to Germany for three years of seasoning, followed by further

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dry-kilning. The wooden pipes are mahogany and oak. The console is pear wood, providing a pleasing contrast in color and texture. The knobs on the stops are narrow-grained maple. The keys are of Madagascar granadilla, a superb wood usually reserved for fine clarinets and oboes.

The late E. Power Biggs, who played here at the dedication ceremonies, and who was not given to exaggeration, called this organ "quite the finest instrument I have ever played." Beckerath himself, who had spent months studying the acoustics in the cathedral and who came over with five workmen to supervise the many months of work involved in the installation, said of this organ when it was finished: "Dies ist mein Meisterstück!"

Looking across at Paul, I am struck with the thought that the Beckerath is not the first organ in Pittsburgh to be designed by a Koch. Paul's father, the legendary Caspar Koch, laid out the specifications for the Skinner organ that was installed in Northside Carnegie Music Hall and dedicated on December 2, 1924. Andrew Carnegie's philanthropies were imaginative and huge: he gave public libraries to thousands of communities, and gave some 7,500 pipe organs to towns and cities in this country and in Britain. The organ that he gave to the Music Hall was installed in 1890; simultaneously Carnegie created the position of City Organist, and here the country's first series of free weekly organ recitals began.

In addition to his duties as organist at Holy Trinity Church, Caspar in 1904 became City Organist. In 1914 he played the thousandth recital in the series that had begun in 1890, and received a kind letter from Andrew Carnegie in New York ("Mrs. Carnegie and I wish we could be present at the thousandth recital . . . but we shall hope for a thousand more to come"). On New Year's Day 1939, Caspar played the two-thousandth recital and received a cordial letter from Carnegie's widow, Louise ("May I send you my warmest congratulations on the great event? It is a splendid achievement."). After fifty years as City Organist Caspar retired, and Paul took over. In the spring of 1967, he played the three-thousandth recital and received a letter from the Carnegies' daughter, Margaret Carnegie Miller ("Like my Father and Mother before me I send you most heartfelt congratulations . . .").

In 1974 the Music Hall was remodeled, the organ was removed, and the longest-running series of free organ recitals in the country came to a halt. The last recital was approximately number 3,280 (strange to say, *that* datum seems lost).

The evening is going splendidly. Guy leads off with a sparkling performance of Bach's Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in C Major (BWV 564). Then the orchestra fires up in Handel's Concerto in F Major (Op. 4, No. 4). Guy continues solo with *Litanies* and *Le Jardin Suspendu*, by Jehan Alain, properly thunderous and then mystical. The left-hand passage that the composer called "unplayable" doesn't seem to bother M. Bovet.

Orchestra again in the Poulenc Concerto in G Minor. Guy moves on to one of his own compositions, *Trois Préludes Hambourgeois*, witty settings of popular tunes from America and Spain, and then to other composers.

The encore is an improvisation on a submitted theme, and I have the duty of handing a scrap of music paper to Guy as he sits quietly at the console. It is two themes, actually, jotted down by an old friend of mine. One is a lyric from a Mozart opera. Guy picks it out in single notes on a soft flute stop and the orchestra members smile in happy recognition. The second theme is the familiar "Happy Birthday

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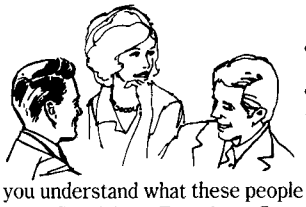

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to You," and when Guy plays those six notes I can hear the rumble of amusement and laughter rolling up from the thousand people below.

He takes a few seconds to select his registrations and then a devilish tangle of noise issues from the mighty Beckerath, and we are launched on the artist's imagination, which seems to have no limits. Toward the end, Guy opens up a full blast from the noble Spanish trumpets, a blare that can be heard in Topeka, and the musicians grin with the pure joy of the sound. Coming down the home stretch, Guy enunciates "Happy Birthday" as if it were "When the Saints Come Marching In," and we all go slightly mad. The applause is enormous and unwilling to stop. The musicians lose their professional detachment and clap like kids. Afterward, Paul stands at the door leading down from the organ loft and thanks the musicians as they depart. They may have climbed up those stone steps as jaundiced old pros, but they leave with something new in their hearts. One after another shakes Paul's hand and says, "This is the most wonderful evening I have ever had." □

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

SINCE THE 1950s, Latin-Americanists in the United States have permitted their suspicion of "McCarthyite" rhetoric to abet their naïveté in regard to the modus operandi of the Soviet Union abroad, with the result that they have felt themselves justified in dismissing claims of Communist subversion in "their" countries. In *The Communist Challenge in the Caribbean and Central America* (American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $24.75), Howard J. Wiarda and Mark Falcoff, with Ernest Evans and Jiri and Virginia Valenta, write with a distinct purpose in mind. "The Soviet Union is emerging as a serious presence in Latin America that must be assessed factually, prudently, and realistically. It will do us little good as a nation for our policy either to overstate or to understate the Soviet role. . . . Our purpose here . . . is to provide a reasoned, calm, dispassionate, and, we think, realistic analysis and assessment."

The contributors to this volume believe that the Soviet Union—since the 1950s but more particularly since the 1970s—has been what Howard Wiarda calls a "rising presence" in Latin America: an area the Kremlin nevertheless considers to be of "secondary importance" to its overall global strategy. Through the 1950s, the USSR contented itself for the most part with giving limited aid to scattered Communist insurgencies in the region—"its commitments, activities, and enthusiasms for Latin America were not very great." Following its completely unlooked-for receipt of Cuba-on-a-platter at the very end of that decade, Moscow began to search eagerly for other revolutionary heroes similar to Castro, in the hope that they too might prove capable of delivering to the cause of world socialism something for nothing, or almost nothing. Thus, while in Washington the State Department was determinedly muttering about "no second Cubas," the Soviet Union was busily trying to provide it with a second, a third, a fourth, and a fifth Cuba. The defeat and death of Che Guevara in Bolivia, however, made the Soviets wiser, quieter, and much more subtle maneuverers, as Mr. Evans and the Valentas argue in their contributions:

> Instead of concentrating all its efforts on aiding guerrilla movements that had not proved successful, the Soviets turned to a long-term strategy of strengthening their diplomatic representation in as many of the countries of the area as possible, building up their bilateral economic relations, quietly increasing their military presence in Cuba, establishing good relations with as many governments as possible, strengthening cultural ties, and using Latin America's rising nationalism and anti-Americanism to its own advantage to construct broader anti-American coalitions. This strategy . . . corresponded, during virtually the entire decade of the 1970s, to a decline in the U.S. presence and interest in the region, to a period of "benign neglect" of Latin America by the United States, and to a period when the United States was perceived in Latin America to be a declining and weakening world power. Hence, it was viewed as prudent by the Latin American countries to . . . "diversify their dependence" by opening up stronger ties with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe.

Since the invasion of Grenada by the United States in 1983, the authors believe, the Soviet Union has found reason to re-evaluate its activities in Latin America. Perhaps they have concluded that challenging the U.S. in its own backyard is ultimately not worth the battle. Wiarda, Falcoff, et al. believe that we are seeing "indications" that the USSR is more interested nowadays in courting India, pressuring Pakistan, and trying to disentangle itself from Afghanistan, than in furthering its aims in Latin America, although they provide no real evidence of this and find "especially worrisome" the buildup of Soviet military power in the Caribbean Basin.

According to Cole Blasier, president of the Latin American Studies Association, the Soviet Union, while it does not yet have great influence in Latin America, nevertheless does possess the means to acquire it. In assessing a prudent American response to the situation, Mark Falcoff suggests that history shows that massive aid programs may be irrelevant to the prevention of future Cubas and Nicaraguas; "in fact," he says, "one might make almost the opposite case." He points out that President Carter's attitude of magnanimity toward the Sandinista regime was completely counter-productive—"the new rulers in Managua were not 'forced' into the arms of the Soviet Union—they were already there even before taking power, and nothing the United States did thereafter was capable of wrenching (or coaxing) them free"—and speculates on the reasons why the Sandinistas found it worthwhile deliberately to antagonize Washington; concluding simply that "what the Soviet Union has to offer revolutionary governments is really a praxis for dictatorial rule, not a formula for economic development." While abolishing poverty in backward countries may be a worthwhile goal, Falcoff suggests, what the U.S. should do to combat Soviet influence in Latin America is to state precisely the nature of its objection to Soviet penetration in the region, and to reconsider its approach to public diplomacy in the area. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Cloak & Gown: Scholars in the Secret War, 1939-1961, by Robin W. Winks (Morrow, 607 pp., $22.95)

On his return to Yale from two years as a cultural attaché in London, Robin Winks, a professor of history, found himself under the suspicion of his colleagues: he had served the Enemy. Disturbed by the assumption that government service inevitably compromised the academic, he began *Cloak & Gown*, an engaging study of the hard case: Yale men who served their country in intelligence work, and of the assonance and dissonance of the ways of scholars and spies. The Yale angle is a more than adequate window on every branch of intelligence, each represented by a Yale man from the OSS or CIA. The most fascinating is James Jesus Angleton, who kept American intelligence free of Soviet penetration until he was downgraded by Schlesinger, discarded by Colby, and excoriated by Turner. Angleton is the occasion for Winks's most penetrating insights into the similarities between intelligence work and the true academic life. Other works might convey more of the global activities of the OSS, but Winks puts us inside his subjects' minds. His contention that academic skills, particularly those of the historian, are vital to intelligence work is demonstrated as much by the sympathetic insight he brings to the topic as by the results of his study. He is sympathetic even when criticizing his subjects; reflecting on Angleton's unusual testimony before the various witch-hunters of the 1970s, he notes of academics and agents alike:

> A life spent in the chosen discipline will reinforce the personality characteristics to the point that one cannot separate the individual from the disciplinarian. . . . At times those who practice a given discipline may not be able to recall the days when they knew that the discipline was only a way of ordering reality. . . . The disciplinarian or methodologist begins to forget that most people do not see reality as he sees it, and that they therefore act on different realities.

But Winks is not perfect; examining the intelligence trade from the perspective of the university, he probes the values, professed and truly held, of the "secret warriors" rather more than he does those of the tower-dwellers. But he honors those who make Xenophon's choice, rather than Plato's, and his unique perspective lets him break through the fallacy that led Colby and Turner to their rape of the Agency: that intelligence can succeed without the information the enemy tries hardest to hide, and without the best, most subtle minds evaluating that information.

MARK CUNNINGHAM

COPELAND

(Continued from page 30)

painstaking, expert study of information that cannot be available to the general public. This is not so much an argument for a more trusting public as for a wiser President, one who can be trusted to undertake that "painstaking, expert study" before deciding upon some critical course of action, and to have contingency plans for each set of possible consequences that could conceivably result.

I was doing staff work for the CIA when Eisenhower was President. When he was confronted with a major national problem he went to great lengths, first, to *define* it, and second, to get truly expert advice based on unbiased intelligence. Then he would examine the options presented to him by his advisors, and carefully consider all possible consequences of each. Finally, he would choose that alternative that offered the maximum chance of success with a minimum of undesirable consequences. Then he would line up the necessary resources, including essential cooperation of other nations, and move. Ronald Reagan is apparently oblivious of this simple "Standard Operation Procedure," but we know from experience that George Bush isn't.

This is why my old friends and I are in George Bush's corner in the presidential race: we see him not only as one who has the wisdom, discretion, and ability to grasp the facts of our situation on the international gameboard, but as one who will appoint as his key advisors real experts in the relevant fields—unlike the inexperienced men with whom President Reagan has surrounded himself.

In good times, when there is little to fear from abroad, we need only a popular figure who can convincingly "play the role" of President. But when we are at war, or in an easily recognizable national crisis, we need someone who can actually be the Commander-in-Chief. It happens that we *are* in a state of national crisis, but, due to the Soviets' success at *dezinformatzia* and to our peculiar susceptibilities, it isn't recognizable. We see Bush as the candidate who, speaking with a voice of authority, can make it recognizable. We hope for the sake of the country and the free world that if Bush doesn't make it, another Republican will. Not a single Democrat in the running has shown the slightest understanding of what a game plan is all about. □

HORNE

(Continued from page 42)

not yet certain whether Pinochet himself will stand for election at the plebiscite, or whether he will win if he does; or even how the plebiscite will be worded. Other members of the Junta have openly said they would oppose his candidacy; 14 years is enough, especially for a man already in his seventies. On the other hand, recent polls suggest that Pinochet might well achieve a majority, honestly won. The nine opposition parties are still hopelessly divided, and no towering leader has emerged from their ranks. One university teacher told me that he opposed Pinochet, but thought he would vote yes at the plebiscite, simply "because there is no other alternative, and the thought of returning to the chaos of the Allende days is unthinkable." Still, by 1989 there will be many younger Chilean voters who do not remember those bad old days; and no one knows how they will vote.

Yet, there is optimism in the air, and the optimists look forward to a political era of "constructive transition." One senses that Chileans feel they know where they are going. They badly want to come out of the cold, from the psychological as well as the physical isolation that surrounds them. If Pinochet lives up to his pledges over the next 18 months, they will get their chance. □

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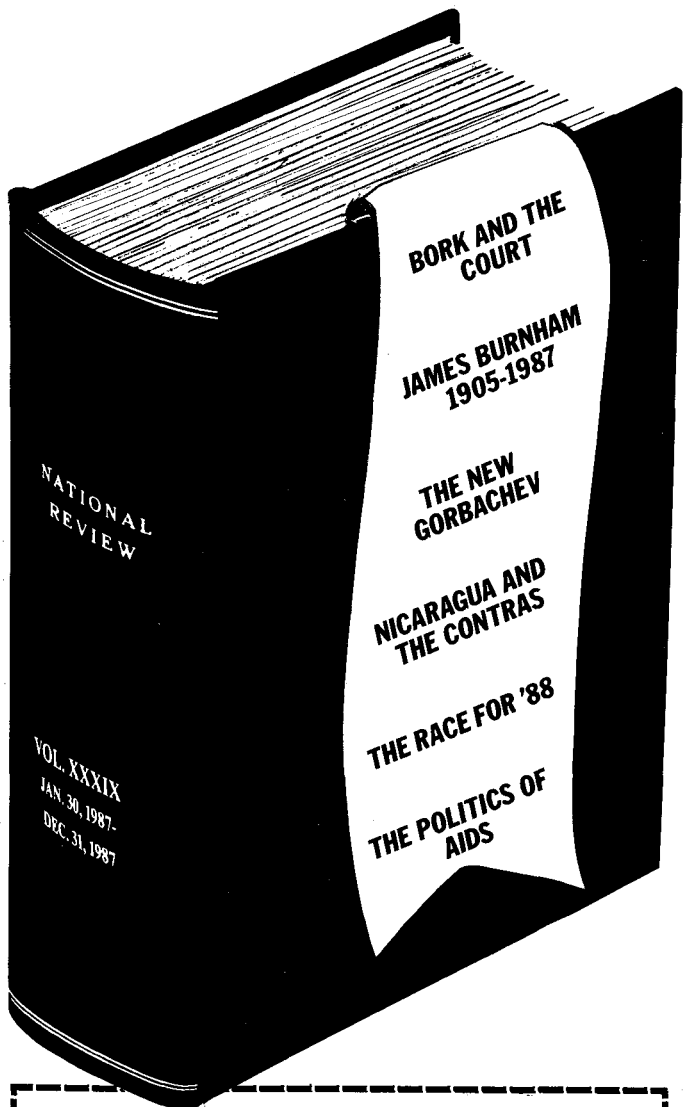

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

D[AVID] EVANS:

The Same Mistakes

Army advisors in Central America still do not recognize the critical importance of population protection, preferring instead to talk about "strike campaigns," a new label for "search and destroy."

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REMEMBER 1979?

NEW YORK, FEB. 15

OVER THE WEEKEND, President Arias of Costa Rica publicly called on the Eastern bloc (which includes Cuba), to stop any further military aid to Nicaragua. But since the Politburo includes very few democrats, it is not likely that this call from an amiable head of a pleasant banana republic is likely to have an effect greater than calls repeatedly made over the decade of the Eighties on the Soviet Union to cease and desist from military and paramilitary evangelism in Latin America.

Mr. Mark Klugman of the *Washington Times* recently reminded us of the chronology that led to the agreement by which the Sandinistas took power in 1979. President Reagan, addressing the Organization of American States last October, 13 times made reference to the 1979 agreement. And yet everyone proceeds as though what is now needed is an agreement created *de novo*—as if there were no diplomatic genealogy for the little bastard we seek to create.

And the ties go back. In 1962 when the Cubans were caught deploying in their little island one-half of the stockpile of Soviet nuclear missiles, a comprehensive arrangement was agreed to, Khrushchev-Kennedy-Castro. The bombs would be removed, we would not seek to depose Castro by military force, and Cuba would not be used as a staging area to promote Communism in Latin America. The agreement was violated by Che Guevara in Bolivia, and, after the 1979 agreement in Nicaragua, violated massively by the arming of Nicaragua, arms which have been used to further subversive activity against the government of El Salvador.

We have now a situation in which the only organized force within Nicaragua that seeks to enforce a treaty only nine years old is the Contras. Meanwhile, the government of Nicaragua, which has governed in violation of the agreement that brought it to power, maintains diplomatic relations and receives continuing support, military and other, from Moscow and Havana; diplomatic recognition from Latin American states. And, forsooth, continuing diplomatic recognition from the United States.

This has always been the inscrutable aspect of Mr. Reagan's policy. It jars even those sensible to the human and economic atrocities of the Sandinista government at once to continue to recognize it and simultaneously to back a movement to dislodge that government by military force.

This paradox was perhaps tolerable during the painful years when the Contras were making a little progress and were thought to be equipped ultimately to take over, given the deterioration of morale within Nicaragua and the awful economic circumstances of a country obsessively devoted to Marxism-Leninism and to armament. But with the defection of Congress, and reports of its effect on the morale of the Contra movement, the President has only the one remaining card.

Why not use it?

The buildup need not be prolonged, but it would not easily be dismissed. When (not if), Mr. Ortega makes it plain that he will not live up to the agreement of 1979, which specified free elections, a "broad-based democratic government," "full respect for human rights," freedom of religion, union rights, and a "minimum" permanent military, and not to the Arias Plan—which calls for most of the above, plus the release of political prisoners, plus amnesty —Mr. Reagan would have the executive power to terminate diplomatic relations with the impostor government.

And recognize the Contras as the de jure government?

It is too early to say whether anything quite that egregious would be effected without cooperation from Latin America. And that brings up the question: Why has pressure from the OAS been so limited, and why, when applied, has it been more generally directed against those who would enforce the 1979 agreement authorized by the OAS, than against those who have violated it? It is a rueful exercise to meditate on the absence of sanctions against international aggressors. The Sandinista movement would not exist, save for the expansive energy of an evil empire that forever desires to diminish the acreage within which freedom is tolerated. What are the odds they are giving in Vegas in favor of the Arias Plan? □

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT NORIEGA?

NEW YORK, FEB. 17

THERE ISN'T any doubt about it, Manuel Antonio Noriega is an evil man, a menace to the hygiene of Panama and a massive way-station for drugs directed to American consumers. A grand jury in Florida has indicted him for crimes that, were he convicted in every case, would keep him in prison for 145 years. We are informed that this is the first time a U.S. grand jury has indicted a chief of state. The whole idea is intriguing. One wonders for how many years Gorbachev would be in jail in Miami if they got him on every vulnerable count. (What's the sentence for killing one million Afghans?)

But the case against Noriega inevitably confronts us with other problems than the delicate one of how you can force a country to extradite its leader. The real problem, of course, has to do with the regulation of drug traffic.

Now a couple of years ago, Mayor Ed Koch of New York went on the air and put it quite bluntly. He was talking about Colombia and about Turkey, and he said that the governments of those countries were condoning the introduction into the United States of the exact equivalent of lethal weapons. Without fine-tuning the question whether the Turkish and Colombian governments exactly "condone" the export of drugs, one certainly agrees that the stuff that comes out and is inhaled or injected into American citizens can have in many cases a lethal effect. As a matter of fact, the lethal effect is often welcome over against the alternative. Better dead than a shrunken lifetime spent deserting the family, mugging and stealing, hiding from the cops, occupying prison cells, and

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frying the brain. But to inveigh against the drugs isn't the answer to the problem of General Noriega—nor the answer to the Turkish and Colombian problems, to be selective about where drugs come from. At least Mayor Koch has a concrete idea: Go out and bomb those countries. What they are doing is waging war against the American people.

That point of view is rational, and is in a way complementary to the position associated with the late Nelson Rockefeller. It was he who in 1973 persuaded the legislature in Albany to pass a law decreeing a life sentence for everyone apprehended in the dope-merchandising business. The laws did not work (juries declined to send people up for life), and the consumption of drugs has increased. Still, the Rockefeller approach (draconian penalties) is not to be theoretically excluded. Such penalties work—in Singapore and Malaysia, for instance. The trick is to flog the offender, whether merchant or consumer, for the first offense, and hang him for the second. Hesto presto—no more pushers! But that kind of thing is easier for Lee Kuan Yew to do than for even Mr. Rockefeller to do.

A nettlesome point intrudes as we contemplate the responsibility of merchants of lethal substances for American deaths. The tobacco companies unquestionably produce, besides stimulation, death. But one can imagine the filibuster Senator Helms would carry on if it were proposed that we execute tobacco growers. The outstanding cause of death (and desolation) in America is of course alcohol. It would certainly hype the rope industry if we were to hang all merchants of alcohol. And of course the purists could argue that automobiles kill. Yes, as many people in one year as were killed in Vietnam in seven years . . . And the rational structure for punishing people who produce death becomes wobbly.

It is by now an undeniable insight into the drug problem that it cannot be controlled save by punishing the consumer. But the logistical problem in doing so is simply insuperable: There are 18 million Americans who use marijuana, perhaps 400,000 who take heroin, at least ten times as many who take coke.

A second insight (heavily suppressed by the politicians) is that the drug problem is not being diminished by the ban on the importation of drugs. That ban is the equivalent of Marshall Aid for Drug Growers.

There is one way in which we could damage General Noriega, and that is to suspend all the drug importation laws. With one stroke, you would chop the legs off him and the whole army of cretins who make money off the suffering of others. The continued suffering of drug users becomes an entirely different problem, to be faced as other social problems are faced: AIDS, alcoholism, lung cancer—by education. More people would suffer and die than at present, one supposes: though even that is not known for sure, if you count in those who suffer from the drug addicts' depredations. But we would then be facing an internal problem, which the problem of drug consumption is. □

HAPPY HAPPY YOU WILL BE WHEN YOU LEARN YOUR ABC

NEW YORK, FEB. 19

MY COLLEAGUE Mr. George Will dismissed with a single sentence the campaign waged by George Bush in Iowa: ". . . Bush has run a semi-incumbent's campaign, stressing a bland, safe issue, education, that is essentially a responsibility of local governments."

Of course George Will is correct that education is primarily a local issue. But he is quite incorrect in suggesting that the education problem is less than a national concern. For that reason it is a proper subject for the bully pulpit.

What should be done about it is both obvious and, for a politician, close to unutterable. The voucher system—which would permit parents to send their children to a school of their choice—is opposed by the largest and possibly most influential lobby in the United States, the National Education Association. To say this is to say less than that a presidential candidate cannot win without the NEA's support. It lobbied strenuously for Walter Mondale and vouchsafed him Minnesota and the District of Columbia. Still, one does not lightly pick a fight with an organization that represents 1.29 million teachers.

Education is a little like AIDS. Everyone knows that AIDS is a terminally horrifying disease, but a blanket proscription on certain kinds of sex and on dirty-needle use is simply a higher price than some people are prepared to pay. By the same token, everyone knows, from the publication of choice specimens of general illiteracy (my favorite: one-fourth of college seniors in Dallas, Texas, do not know the name of the country to the south), the gravity of the problem, but the will to overcome creeping illiteracy is insufficient. No, that is to put the matter incorrectly. There are mothers and fathers who deprive themselves of much that is associated with the good life in order to finance their children's education in better schools than those public schools they would be required to patronize if they took their marching orders from the public school system. We need to deplore the plight of families that simply do not have the resources to do this.

There is no better example than New York City's. The problem with City schools was illustrated when a small group of volunteers, headed by Wall Streeter Peter Flanigan, organized a program (The Student/Sponsor Partnership, P.O. Box 1700, Cathedral Hill Station, New York, N.Y., 10025) so simple in conception that any political candidate could tell its story in a minute's television time. For $1,600, a sponsor "adopts" a student in a single-parent household and endows him with a scholarship to Cardinal Hayes High School (boys), and St. Michael's Academy or Cathedral High School (girls). The statistics reveal that 85 per cent of the graduates of the three Catholic schools will go on to college. Fewer than 20 per cent of the graduates of surrounding high schools will get higher education. And the per capita cost of the public school is over $3,000. And yet on the day those scholarship children (they are 95 per cent black or Hispanic) step into the parochial schools, they are no smarter, and no wiser, than their contemporaries doomed to the general disorder of the typical public school. The distinguishing feature (in New York) is classroom discipline plus workload. Our high school students average three hours of homework per week. The figure in Japan is 15 hours.

THE ANALYTICAL rule is that you cannot effect something without willing the means appropriate to its realization. If you want your child to have a good education, you need the will to effect that end. But the will without the resources is precisely the problem our politicians should be confronting. If George Bush were to declare in favor of a voucher system as a means of enfranchising parents frustrated by the school system, I do not think that Mr. Will would dismiss such a declaration as usurpative for a presidential candidate; and certainly he would not dismiss it as bland.

Mr. Bill Honig, the articulate head of public education in California, denounces the voucher system as separatist in its implications. All the best students would go to School A, mediocre students to School B, and the poorer students to School C, to which one replies: It is so, and not resented, in higher education. The best students go to Harvard, the least academically gifted or inclined go to South Newport Junior College. The responsibility of those who preside over School C is to do the best they can with slow students. That indeed should be the concern of the National Education Association: to seek teachers out who with missionary zeal would do what they can for students unwilling or incompetent to learn at a higher level. But whatever the success of School C, it shouldn't be at the cost of School A and School B. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Site of our third President's university — 46 149 66 90 99 184 166 55 109 120 / 38 1 23 80 156

B. Hot-dog topping — 172 126 111 34 77

C. Dwell on petty points — 85 125 10 106 171 42 75

D. Meat — 116 91 165 28

E. Our 38th President's middle name — 135 5 54 177 87 16 70

F. Our fortieth President's alma mater — 96 169 147 29 67 136

G. DeLand, Fla., university — 74 151 45 168 13 104 185

H. Tennis term — 186 118 65

I. Our first President's home (2 words) — 61 131 160 140 20 81 103 2 179 43 / 173

J. Our 37th President's veep — 154 93 164 39 59

K. "Old" town west of Williamsburg, Va. (2 words) — 101 68 108 155 128 48 19

L. Our 16th President's veep — 36 98 30 4 183 157

M. Consequence — 71 105 112 32 162 94

N. Our 32nd President — 161 47 114 158 60 31 138 11 182

O. Veep's residence (2 words) — 97 175 141 50 117 21 132 127 63 3

P. Thought-provoking — 153 49 159 6 37 124 24 78 134

Q. Remedy — 110 89 121 64 76 176 12

R. Our ninth President's nickname — 7 73 133 15 82 113 143 92 107 41

S. Our 15th President — 40 14 102 56 181 144 86 25

T. Storage area — 150 88 33 167 52

U. Our 33rd President — 137 18 62 44 174 115

V. Our 34th President — 53 84 129 146 9 95 163 152 26 72

W. Our fourth President — 142 57 180 35 119 17 123

X. Disposition — 100 58 170 139 130 178 83 22

Y. Record — 145 79 69 8 148 27 122 51

1 A		2 I	3 O	4 L	5 E	6 P	7 R	8 Y	9 V	10 C	11 N	12 Q		13 G	14 S	15 R	16 E	17 W	18 U	19 K
	20 I	21 O	22 X		23 A	24 P	25 S	26 V	27 Y	28 D	29 F	30 L		31 N	32 M	33 T	34 B		35 W	
36 L	37 P	38 A	39 J		40 S	41 R	42 C	43 I	44 U	45 G		46 A	47 N	48 K	49 P	50 O	51 Y	52 T	53 V	54 E
	55 A	56 S	57 W	58 X		59 J	60 N		61 I	62 U	63 O	64 Q		65 H	66 A	67 F	68 K		69 Y	70 E
71 M		72 V	73 R	74 G	75 C		76 Q	77 B	78 P	79 Y	80 A	81 I	82 R	83 X		84 V	85 C		86 S	87 E
88 T	89 Q	90 A	91 D	92 R	93 J		94 M	95 V	96 F		97 O	98 L	99 A	100X	101K	102S	103I		104G	105M
	106C	107R	108K	109A	110Q		111B	112M		113R	114N	115U	116D	117O	118H	119W	120A		121Q	122Y
123W	124P	125C	126B	127O	128K	129V		130X	131I		132O	133R	134P	135E	136F	137U	138N		139X	140I
	141O		142W	143R	144S	145Y	146V	147F		148Y	149A	150T	151G		152V	153P	154J	155K	156A	157L
158N		159P	160I	161N		162M	163V	164J	165D	166A	167T	168G	169F	170X	171C	172B	173I	174U	175O	
176Q	177E	178X	179I	180W	181S	182N	183L	184A	185G	186H										

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 62 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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and Contract Magazine
Product Design Award
1987 Silver Award

ANTRON PRECEDENT™ NYLON

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